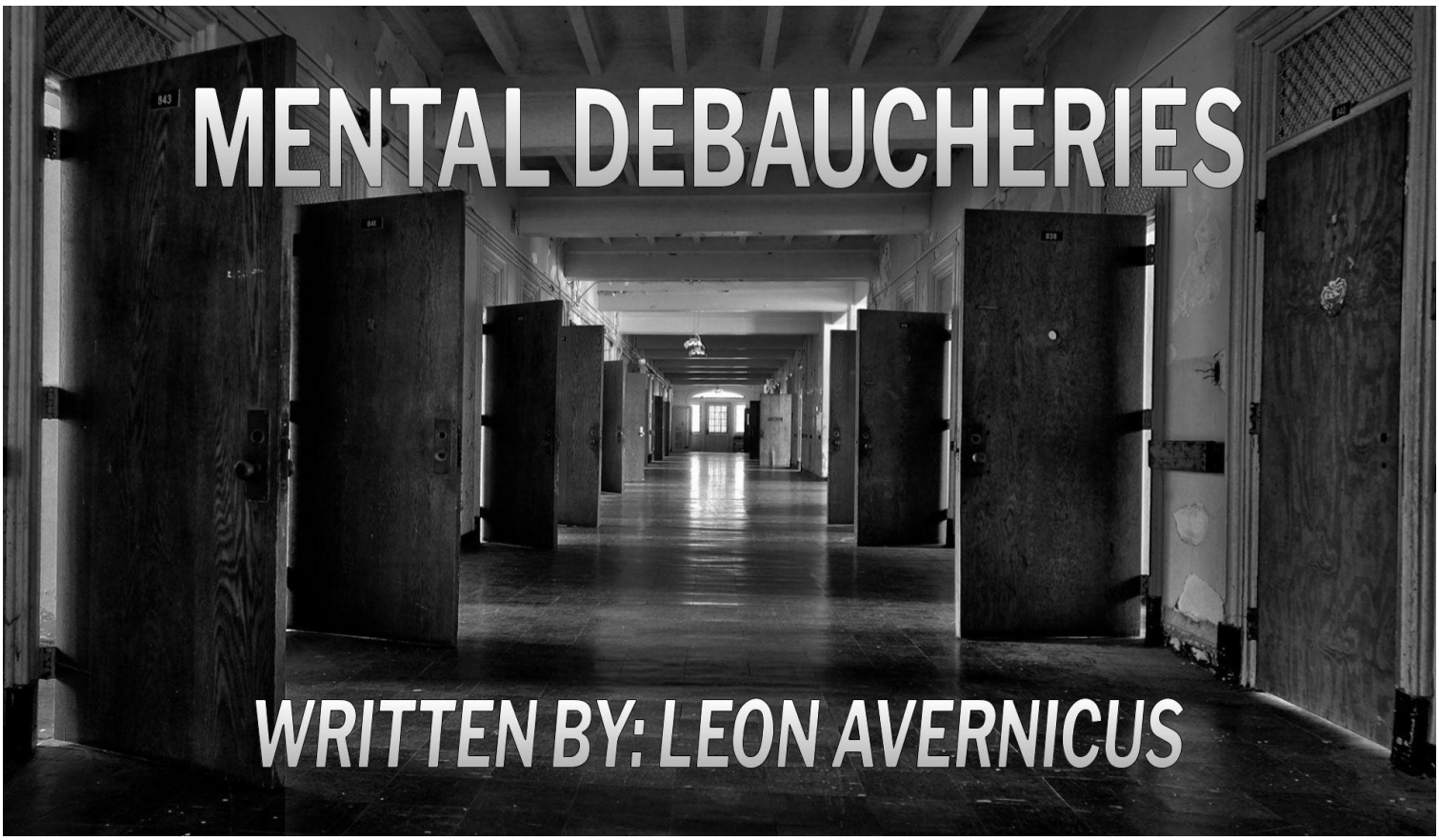
MENTAL DEBAUCHERIES

Leon Avernicus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WRITTEN BY: LEON AVERNICUS

To all whom seek their vices.

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PROLOGUE

The world of our current times is poisoned with vice and lacks any virtuous character. Every day is littered with crime, revelries, debaucheries, and occupied by the worse men imaginable; these men seek their vices at the expense of others, whom have no say on the matter. Do you expect any happiness in this world? These scoundrels find happiness ludicrous with the exception of themselves. If they must lacerate such imprudent imbeciles, then what they do is what must be right!

The world, to which, the reader will be immersed in is no gleaming light of hope, no amusing tale, and neither a fable. The realm has no presence of virtues and no form of happiness other than pleasure. The heroes and victims are both of the same with only their vices being their discrepancies. Thus, the characters are not ‘changed’ or ‘improved’ in any way.

Our hero of this tale, the 17-year-old James Ridner, is anything but virtuous. What a pity the 17-year-old had to end up so debauched like this; viceful as any boy his age can get. I will describe to you what our hero appears as—he is tall in his stature, resembling a skyscraper personified; scrawny to where a seven-year-old could pick him up with ease; he possesses dark, black hair resembling coal; has big, blue eyes shining in innocence; black, scruffy hair present all around his legs and arms; his prick presents itself standing 10 inches in length and 9.5 inches in circumference making him an ideal stud for all to indulge in; however, his prick falls behind in comparison to his other fellow libertines; in spite of this, he owns an ass so taut that it could break an apple into two if you were to place it between his buttocks, which well compensates for this disadvantage. In all, James is blessed with magnificent features for all to enjoy, even for the fellow libertine alike.

James had quite the adventurous childhood: his father raped his pregnant mother when she was on her third trimester, he raped James when he was only a newborn, he forced James to rape his mother at the age of six, he raped James’s pregnant mother once more as she was going to have James’s sister; his sister was born early from this ordeal and his father raped his newly born sister until his prick ripped open his sister’s stomach. His father, one time, invited over his brother and ten other men to rape both James and his mother. Additionally, he limited James and his mother’s appetite to only shit and piss for two consecutive years. To top it all off, when James’s mother attempted to report his father to the police, the police officer, along with his father, raped her and gouged out her eyes and eye fucked her; she died after the experience by blood loss.

Our hero, a product of his environment, represses such tragedy through seeking his pleasures, which is the only form of happiness he is able to feel. Ultimately, these tragedies shaped our hero into one barren of all ethics, morals, manners, and empathy; he will not give in to such distractions and continue along his path of vice. And so, I ask my fellow reader not to look at James in poor light; preferably, see him as a hero questing through a tale just as legendary as any. As a consequence, you may encounter moments that will question your morality; that only means you are reading through correctly. Virtues, as a matter of fact, won’t let you enjoy this tale of mine.

James has already been introduced to some of the most depraved acts known to man when he was just a young boy which has shaped him into the libertine he is today; previously, he was

more on the sidelines while his brethren indulged in their quests and triumphs. Nonetheless, James gained vital knowledge of these quests and, as such, would go as far as to venture on these things, even with his disappointing prick. Our hero may be a cretin but he sure does have a knack for involving himself in these indulgences, even if he may not go about them meticulously.

James, for his naivety and envy, lost both of his parents, whom were as viceful as he was. His parents, who were addicted to amphetamines, neglected to pay off their debts from their drug dealers, which resulted in both of them being shot to death right in front of James. Subsequently, he had to live on the streets while making a living as a prostitute. Men, of all different kinds, were acquainted with the young boy; some going as far as to inflict incontinence upon him while others viewed him as a street whore and degenerate. James was native to these things that it became routine for him. Thus, he decided to seek the vices the world had to offer; all of which would begin to disinterest him greatly.

One night, James decided upon searching a place to sleep for the night. He had issues with finding safe areas to hibernate in due to his notoriety among the local libertines; thus, he had to live a nomadic lifestyle. He stumbled upon the red-light district, to which, he was stopped by the presence of two police officers. The one on the left spoke, “Hey kid, what are you doing here,” he said with malice. James was hesitant to speak which resulted in him running away from the two officers who soon sprinted to James. Our hero wanted to escape these men to find his desired safety, but his efforts would be futile.

Thereupon, he is rightfully punished by being sent to a remote mental facility growing in debaucheries. Our hero will get his first-hand experience of what libertines do and why pursuing vice is most ideal, especially for such imprudent individuals such as himself. Possessing the lust of an amateur libertine and the naivety of a teenager, our hero will venture into a long and drawn-out journey. I, like the reader, presume that the hero will suffer in the begging and, hopefully, triumph in the end, but that isn’t my decision to make. Our hero chooses his path and, thus, we shall respect that. Our hero must disencumber his virtue and pursue his viceful nature, as he is held greatly by his virtuous attitudes.

Will he triumph or will he succumb to failure? That question must loom in the reader’s head during their reading; otherwise, they will lose focus on what James is trying to accomplish. Thus, I leave the reader with this information and bid farewell to all who are reading. I don’t want to leave any of you impatient and so, I will let our hero tell his tale as he would know better than any person, including myself.

CHAPTER I

The sirens were propagating annoyances; the sounds only serving to vex me even further. I was tired, cold, and felt an aching pain in my heart from the persistent endurance of the police, who seemed to have the energy of a Lion. Light was nonexistent; the flashlights of the two cops being the only light present. "What did I do to cause them such trouble," I thought to myself, "I did nothing other than visit a red light district." Without a second notice, the police appeared immediately out of nowhere and tackled me to the ground as if they were my dogs. Neither of the two spoke when they began to handcuff me, and, not long after, I found myself in the backseat of their police car.

The cold, rusty texture of the steel shackles on my arms and the ambiance of the car engine were the only two senses I could detect. The two officers were silent for most of the ride; however, it wasn't until I felt a sudden sharp turn, presumably from the car, when one of the officers spoke to me about my current situation.

The officer, whose name was Roy, struck me as an old, middle-aged veteran cop who seemed to already have enough of his redundant job—he had gray, seedy hair emanating from different parts of his head; smelled as if he was a regular patron of the local red-light district; and had the presence of a gray, fuzzy beard concealing his chapped lips. As a cop, he was nefarious and as imprudent as they can come; as a father, he is one of the kindest souls known to man. His two daughters, whom are overindulged on a daily basis, are kind towards their dad, whom is more rotten than them. He is highly opportunistic, even going as far as murdering the chief officer to rise the ranks. Due to his wealth that he acquired from doing so, anyone who questions his innocence is met with death or imprisonment. This has allowed him to murder criminals, rape people who've done petty crimes, and gain more respect from his peers, whom are unaware of his nefarious intentions. When off-duty, he frequents the local red-light district and arrests the prostitutes who are unable to make him discharge, when, in reality, it was usually his fault.

After a brief analysis of his image, I turned my attention back to his dreary voice. "Now boy, we are driving some hours to a mental facility where you will be kept at. We've been looking for the 'right kind' for some time and now that we've found you, we don't have to worry about searching any longer," Officer Roy spoke, "that said, don't expect for your parents or anyone to come to your aid; you will be tortured and subjected to vices on a daily basis." The two men than began to laugh as if they were scoundrels and found delight in my predicament.

The other officer, whose name was Ron, then spoke, appearing as heinous than the former—he had balding, wavy gray hair; a gray, almost-linear mustache; and the stature of a midget. Unlike the former, he looked as if he had sex on an almost consecutive basis, especially by how his subverted odor, which emitted throughout the car, made me aware of that fact. Unlike Roy, he was a horrible family man and a great police officer. His vices towards his family are as follows: he raped his 14-year-old son on an almost daily basis; imprisoned his wife in the house by restraining her onto the bed with only piss and shit as her food; forced his son to witness him raping and murdering his sister, who was 9 years old at the time, and frigged his son until he discharged onto his sister's

corpse; starved and dehydrated his son every-so-often and discharged upon his starved state; and forced his son to watch his mother be waterboarded, raped, burned, and skinned alive everyday. He is able to avoid being suspected for his rotten behavior by connections with Officer Roy and the riches he obtains for working with Roy.

Officer Ron then said, with a snicker, "You should be grateful for being apart of this; otherwise, we could very easily let you starve on the streets." I nodded nonchalantly to his statement with a drip of arrogance through rolling my eyes. Subsequently, the ambiance and cold cuffs resulted in me hibernating from my already fatigued state.

Some hours later, I was awoken from a harsh shake on my shoulder from Officer Roy. "Hey kid, wake up," he told through his conventional voice. When I was aware of my stimuli, I rubbed my eyes and, without notice, felt a strong force, by Officer Roy, taking me to the place where my quest would commence. The place, which I could only distinguish through being partially awake, was one-story relative to the size of a middle-class home; painted in all-white with modest scraps along the walls; had only one entrance which was connected to a small parking lot with only five cars being present; and was, most likely, the only building in sight.

In the course of the entry process, I was only able to hear hazy voices, interpret terse sentences, and view luminous lights in every direction; at the time, I was unable to see or hear anything else due to my current state of mind. The only event I was able to recall was being taken to my bed; but even so, it was anything but momentous other than being guided to my bed and falling asleep instantly.

Morning spoke of its presence by constituting a shadow of my morning wood, which stimulated me to withdraw from my sloth-like tendencies. I yearned to shower so I could further deplete my delirious state; hence, I stepped out of my bed cautiously and walked towards the bathroom, which was conveniently located next to the door of my room. Once I walked into the room, I realized that the shower, while plain-looking and a bit run down, would be enough to fulfill my needs. Thus, I stripped off my materialistic fabric and stepped gingerly into the warm, flowing water.

It was a feat to, at last, calibrate the temperature of the water; I was now able to shower in much-needed solitude. In the distance, I discerned a faint movement in my peripheral vision, which I assumed was my roommate waking up from the ambient thud of the shower at the time. Through closer observation, I was able to make a conjecture concerning the movement; to my surprise, it appeared as if the movement was one that was quite familiar to me—that of masturbation. After a moment of brief silence, I began thinking to myself, saying, "Oh, how could I be so foolish; it was evident that he observed my morning wood this morning, which astonished him by the magnitude of my prick." I was shocked by my naivety; I thought I was less virtuous than I initially expected, but I suppose that I was incorrect in that regard.

My introspection was impeded once I began to spot the boy getting out of his bed. Even though I was still far from him, I was still able to make out his physical features since a fragment of light reflected onto him. Hence, I was able to see him for who he was—he had protracted, coiled-up blond hair; a choppy, towering build resembling that of a bull; melancholic, brown eyes; fluorescent,

blond hair all along his body; carried a prick that stood 8.6 inches in length and 7 inches in circumference; and had an ass nearly seldom of hair. He was ideal in my eyes; the mere sight of him alone was enough to harden my prick.

He walked into the bathroom with his hardened prick leading the way and noticed my scrawny appearance, which gave him a polluted expression. "Oh my, well you sure do look like a cutie," he said with malice, "how about I step into the shower so I can help you out, alright?" I agreed to his request sheepishly as I did with my father's requests and allowed him access into the shower. Straight away, he shoved me against the wall, which almost shattered my scrawny physique; the force he exerted against me was definitely that of a bull's. Soon afterward, he stuck his erect prick into my ass, which hadn't been shaved in quite some time; hell, it looked like a damn jungle in there, but the boy didn't seem to care as he knew I was too virtuous for the likes of him and, so, he wanted to have the honors of corrupting me.

Throughout the debaucheries, he reamed me sufficiently which hinted at his experience—he was able to kiss me and keep a watch out for any nurses as he reamed. When I focused more on the reaming, I, consequently, began to experience flashbacks of the time my father reamed me at the age of 5. My father, unlike the boy, was significantly more aggressive and violent with his reamings; at times, requesting my mother to shriek blasphemous things, shit in a cup, and force me to eat it as he discharged into the cup. Shortly after my retrospection, I discharged only from the thought of my traumatic childhood experiences—the discharge came in four strong ropes of semen. Eventually, this led me to slowly fall to the bathroom floor with a perplexed expression on my face.

I woke up sometime later to find myself clothed but still on the bathroom floor with a strong, coconut smell filling the room, which I assumed was some sort of cleaning product. It took some effort to get up as I was still under the euphoric spell, but I was able to get up with some effort and noticed that the boy left. His bed and mine were made in an almost symmetrical way as if no one ever slept in that bed before. I heard my name being called from a nurse and so, I promptly walked out of the room I was in. However, as I was walking out, I noticed the boy's bed and, on further inspection, I noticed dry spots resembling his discharges. The spots were quite big which made me shocked by how monstrous his discharges are—this boy has one hell of a sex drive!

My pills, which were left on the counter outside of my room, looked as if they were there all night. I took them without a second notice and I felt a slight pat on my shoulder—it was from the boy who fucked me in the shower. "Hey, oh sorry man. Did I startle you," the boy said. I said sarcastically, "No, you're fine." "Oh, ok then. So after you take your meds, do you want to hang out with the others," he said with a wince. I nodded and swallowed my pills whole, without the need for water, and, along with the boy, we walked to a table that was occupied by two other boys—Oliver and Mason. Oliver was the shortest of the three and had a noticeable bald spot on the back of his head. As of now, he is 15-years-old and has dark brown hair that covers all of his forehead, possesses acne that makes his face out to be pizza-like in appearance, has an abundance of scabs covering parts of his arms and legs, and is cursed with a prick standing 5 inches in length and 3 inches in circumference. His attributes make him the least desirable out of the entire group. The other boy, Mason, has a more interesting appearance—he is very chubby that shows of glutenous

indulgences; has black hair as dark as mine; wears thick-rimmed glasses that hides his dark, green eyes; has an ass that is worn-out from use by his father—it could of damn well fallen off if it wasn't for his chubby stature; and has a prick standing 8 inches in length and 6.5 inches in circumference which compensates for his stature. Mason is the most intelligent out of the others, even being able to find ways to sneak in pornography and sex toys into the mental facility.

"So this is the new kid," Oliver spoke as he obsessively itched his scabs. Mason was silent and didn't utter a single sound. Mark spoke up before I had the chance to speak, "Yeah, this is James, he just got here last night," he said. The other boy, Oliver, then said, with a smirk, "So, I assume you already gave him the 'treatment' we always give to newcomers?" "Oh, most definitely and let me just say, he did an outstanding job. It's as if he's experienced with this sort of stuff. And holy fuck, his prick is enormous. I was getting sick of fucking you guys all the time and the staff, but James got my libido back thanks to his stamina and prick. Thus, we should welcome him into our group and tell him what we do," Mark said sincerely. There was a brief pause from Oliver until he spoke up again, "Alright, fair enough. So James, out of curiosity, what are you in here for?" I was hesitant and the boys began to focus their entirety on me. Moments later, I was able to speak up, saying, "Well, I got caught by some cops after looking around a red-light district to sleep since I had no place to sleep. However, the cops got me and sent me here." Oliver and Mark began stroking their chins wondering, like me, what caused that to happen while Mason just stared his usual blank expression. "That's interesting," said Mark, "so, I got in here for a mental breakdown after my father raped me along with his friends. The experience was so traumatic that they sent me here. My damn father, oddly enough, was let off free due to a lack of evidence." Oliver spoke up in response, "I'm here for having an incest relationship with my little brother. Him and I were fucking in the shower, but then, our parents opened the door to see us fucking. They were shocked and sent only me here while my brother is somewhere else." "And Mason is here for porn addiction," Mark said. "It's a strange coincidence that we're all in here for sexual things," I said. "I would agree," Mark said. "Even we are still confused as to why we're here and only us. Hell, my parents haven't picked up a call or visited me in weeks," Oliver said.

It was eight-o'-clock and so, we were sent to our therapy activities for the day. As there was only four of us, we stuck together as one group during these activities. These activities, however, were not what you may think they are. The 'therapy' was none other than sexual therapy performed upon us by the staff. The first activity, scheduled at eight-o'-clock, went as follows—we were instructed to unclothe to only our boxers; following this, we were to not make a single movement as the staff—two of them at the time—groped and fondled us for approximately five minutes; thereupon, staff, whom were female, pegged us with 14 inch strap-ons until we each discharged. I was able to last five minutes, while Mark 10, Oliver three, and Mason, to my surprise, 11. Since Mason lasted the longest, he was able to perform cunnilingus on one of the two staff members while he frigged the other's cunt. After 11 minutes, his activities ceased and the one whom lasted the shortest, Oliver, had to endure three minutes of both nurses crushing his balls with their heels; of which, were badly bruised and scared afterwards. I noticed that there were scars on them beforehand, which made me assume that he suffered this consequence plenty of times beforehand.

After our eight-o'-clock therapy, we ate our breakfast which was composed of feces, piss, and semen from the male staff. Initially shocked by this, I realized that I was accustomed to such a diet and so, I indulged in the materials with ease, as did the other boys. To my surprise, I wanted seconds and began to enjoy the foul meals. The other boys were starstruck too by how I was able to handle the meals.

Once more, we continued with yet another therapy activity; this time, involving the male staff teaching us 'sucking etiquette'. The four of us were instructed to perform oral sex upon the four male staff present in the therapy activity room. Each man possessed an enormous prick outweighing the sizes of ours'. The shortest prick possessed by these men was at 12 inches long and 9 inches in circumference, while the largest was 17 inches long and 14 inches in circumference which was an initial shock for me. Because I was the newest, I was subjected to sucking the 17 inch prick, of which, I was able to incite around ten strong discharges into my mouth. My reward was a pat on the head following me sitting as a spectator watching the other boys suck off the pricks. Mark sucked off the 12 inch prick with ease and sat next to me once he finished. As we were watching the other two, Mark began to take off my clothing, to which, I went along with and not long after, Mark was sucking my prick as the two other male staff, whom were assigned to Mark and I, started reaming the other.

Oliver was able to make the man, with the 16 inch prick, discharge approximately 15 times and, from the man's remarks, was said to possess 'strong suction' which incited the man to discharge as much as a volcano. Mason was the last to finish this time around and only made the man, whom possessed a 15 inch prick, discharge twice. As punishment for his inefficiency, he was subjected to being flogged with a hammer approximately ten times which resulted in his ass being partially mutilated. The four men then left and we resumed our regular activities.

Even in such a schedule-orientated facility, we were allowed leisure time with access to the television which only had access to pornographic channels. I noted that sometimes when we watched these pornographic channels, staff would engage in sexual activities which resulted in us doing the same. About two hours after our last activity therapy session, we turned on the TV to watch porn and, almost immediately, two female staff members began fingering the other's cunt and eating the other out as if they were sexually deprived for years. Subsequently, Mark began to suck on Oliver's acne which prompted me to suck on his scabs and drinking the juice that emitted from the scabs. Not long after, the four of us were having an orgy and we discharged around three times each. For some odd reason, I find Oliver's scabs to have a delightful taste.

Right before our next therapy activity, which was scheduled at one-o'-clock sharp, we were given our lunch which consisted of the same thing as breakfast, with the exception of semen and, instead, having the inclusion of vomit. Once again, I was able to finish my meal with ease, this time asking for three servings, while Oliver discharged after only eating one spoonful of the vomit.

All of us finished our meals with ease and began the next activity, which was in a different room than usual. This time around, there was a presence of eight elder staff members ranging from the ages of 68-75; of which, four were male and four were female. For this activity, we were instructed to perform cunnilingus on the female staff as the male staff reamed us. Each of us is to

perform cunnilingus on only one female staff member and only one male staff member is to ream each and every one of us. One of the females, whom Mark had the misfortune of being assigned to, had stomach and digestive problems that would make her shit every five minutes. As per the rules, Mark was unable to stop and so, had to consume all of the woman's feces which were littered with STDs and had a greenish color.

All of us left the room feeling different—I looked as if nothing occurred, Mark looked sick, Oliver had a blank expression, and Mason looked terrified. We decided upon playing the board games the hospital offered, but the entire time, we didn't speak to each other. It was as if something had changed between our dynamics. Thus, we played board games, only speaking when it was about the game. Otherwise, we were silent up until our next therapy activity which was scheduled at three-o'-clock.

At last, it was three-o'-clock and so, we were to begin our next therapy activity. When I was drawing to pass the time, I noticed a man walking towards me wearing what appeared to be a suit. The man then greeted himself to me as if we were old friends. "Hi there, James. I'm the head of the facility, Dr. Vard Berno, and so, it is my duty to inquire about all my patients and how they are doing at the moment. I must say, the staff has talked wonders about you," Dr. Berno said warmly, "now, we've analyzed your performance quite well and come to the conclusion that you will be a perfect specimen for us." Before he could speak again, I said adamantly, "What am I here for exactly?" After a brief pause, Dr. Berno spoke sternly, saying, "Well, to put it simply, you are here for our pleasure, our curiosity, and our interest. Like the other three, we captured you and are imprisoning you in this facility which is located in the middle of nowhere. Because I wanted to find perfect and blossoming boys, I chose the four of you. Now, I expect your stay here to be temporary; however, I can authorize that you don't ever get to see the light of day if you decide to break the rules," he said, with malice, "if you expect this to be enjoyable, then we will not make it for you. Expect no pleasure and only the pleasure of ours' is allowed any ounce of satisfaction. I will turn you into my sex slave for my pleasure!"

Dr. Berno, after he spoke those words, started writing notes on his papers and then left the table without another word. At least I was aware of my situation but still, I wanted more answers. In addition to my pondering, Dr. Berno began to speak to the others as he did with me, but oddly enough, he wasn't as warm with the others as he was with me. It only took the span of five minutes to finish all the others, and then, it was time for dinner.

For dinner, we were served our usual feces and piss but with an addition of a severed prick in our meal. From my guess, I would say it was around 12 inches in length and 9.8 in circumference. As I was hungry, I ate it effortlessly and didn't feel nauseous in the least bit. Mark sucked on it, and Mason, who usually is quiet, suddenly moaned once he stuck the severed prick into his ass.

Following this, another activity session was scheduled which would be our last. This time around, four dominatrices were gathered around the corners of the room; each accompanying four tables with a candle on each of them. We scampered towards the center of the room and soon, we found the four of us being restrained to the ground. All the dominatrices wore black and red clothing, each of them carried a flogging rope; they had cunts that were exceedingly blistered and

covered in rashes from the rough friggings of previous men; each wore an upside-down cross; and had a snake tattoo on each of their arms. The dominatrix I was assigned to appeared as if she never cared to shower in ages, had yellow rotting teeth, had around ten piercings on her cunt which could rip off any man's prick with ease, and had the ass of a glutenous pig.

The activity consisted of the dominatrices pouring hot wax onto our backs as we are flogged, reamed with 15 inch dildos by the male staff, and, if we were to orgasm or discharge, would be met with punishment through means of forcing ten bees into our pricks and buttocks. Unfortunately, for Oliver, he discharged too soon and, as such, was pinned to the ground and endured ten bees swarming through his prick and ass, which resulted in his prick being split into two slices and, additionally, developing a severe infection in his asshole. Nurses tended to his wounds, only because Oliver possessed impressive abilities in cunnilingus and vomit play.

Due to Oliver's failure, we were able to finish the activity unscathed and had the rest of the night to ourselves until bedtime. During that time, the four of us were handed a piece of paper, written by Dr. Berno, which outlined the rules of the facility. Since the others were already familiar with them, they didn't bother to read them. The rules, which were to be followed without question, are as follows:

1. All are to report to the mandatory therapy activities without question. Failure to do so will result in punishment at the discretion of the staff member. However, murder will result in the immediate discharge of that particular staff member.

2. We expect all four of you to maintain your health and sexual performance. Any of you who falls behind will be discarded and replaced.

3. Under no circumstances are any of the four allowed access to the phone, outside, and any other food not served by the staff.

4. Having intercourse with one of the staff members or one of your fellow four without their consent is acceptable. However, having intercourse in the room not assigned to you will result in punishment.

5. Pornography, with the exception of the television, is strictly prohibited unless a staff member authorizes it. All pornography will be taken up and all four will be punished.

6. There are to be no religious practices in this facility. Blasphemous practices, however, are permitted under the supervision of staff. Failure to comply with this will result in punishment.

7. Listen, respect, and obey all of the staff. Otherwise, you will be promptly punished.

8. All four must finish their meal completely in the allotted time given. Otherwise, food and water will be stripped from them for 36 hours.

9. The four are expected to take their morning and night medication. All four are given the same medication, which essentially increases their libido. Staff must not neglect this rule!

10. Do not expect fun, enjoyment, kindness, empathy, or any such things in this facility. The only thing that should be on your mind is our pleasure and that's it!

"Mr. Ridner, please come take your pills," said the faint voice of a doctor. I set the paper on the table and headed my way towards the source of the voice, which was from a room to the left of me. I spoke up to the voice to alert it of my presence. "Yes, I'm here," I said. The door opened revealing a woman in a nurse's outfit with latex gloves strapped onto her hands. From the looks of it, she appeared to be in her late 20's; possessed long, silky, brown hair; light-colored skin which was almost as light as mine; owned hips that could very well qualify her as a mother; breasts that resembled melons in their shape; and an ass that could caprice any man into howling like a coyote. Subsequently, my prick became erected from her lustful appearance, which resulted in her witnessing me stare in the direction of her as if I was her predator and she was my prey.

To my surprise, she acknowledged my advances and rather than fend them off, she embraced them which led me to press on my urges. Thus, I grabbed her arms, with all my might, and slammed them against the wooden door which, conveniently, was positioned in a way that made it possible to shut just as I slammed her against the door. This allowed me to continue my proceedings without the worry of any interference. I began to passionately make out with her as if I was a vampire sucking all of her blood. We both, fervently, dug our tongues into the other's mouth; keeping at this until I decided upon unclothing myself. Not too long after, I was already compelling her to suck my prick; thereupon, she complied to my request and, not long after, she began to genuinely enjoy my asset. I was astonished by her skill, in particular, how she was able to deep-throat my enormous prick. Not long after, she too unclothed alongside me; thereupon, I was able to gawk upon the physique she was gifted with. Not only was her cunt freshly shaved and smelt of strawberries, but her breasts were of proportional size; of which, had the inclusion of big, puffy, pink-colored nipples which was hard to resist sucking on. Additionally, she had an ass which was what I thought it would look like—big and superlative.

Subsequently, I made my way to her cunt and began frigging her with immense effort. From all of my other experiences, she was the only person to moan so loudly from my prick, which resulted in my discharge of approximately five strong ropes into her cunt. Even after my discharge, I immediately positioned my head to her cunt and began performing cunnilingus on her while also indulging in my discharge that was rightfully claimed upon her precious cunt. I was able to fuck her for around three hours and produce discharges the likes have never seen before. Overall, it was the best experience I had in some time.

Unfortunately, though, I was sent to my room with the consumption of my pills and a kiss on the cheek. Even though I was able to experience three hours of sex, I was still aroused and so, I frigged myself around three times and discharged a total four times. Following this, I fell asleep as if I was sleep deprived for days. Before I could dream, I felt the prick, which I presumed was Mark's, in my asshole. Mark, whose moans echoed in my ear, reamed me for five minutes until we both simultaneously discharged. Mark was able to produce three discharges while I was only able to produce two. Mark then dug his head into my covers and began to lick all the semen off of my prick, as well as the semen that was stained on the bed. Following this, Mark then passed out on my bed, but even so, I was still able to sleep even with the weight of Mark on me.

CHAPTER II

I was able to get adequate rest last night due to my abundant discharges from the other day. I scanned the room and noticed that Mark seemed to have already made his bed and gotten dressed. This motivated me to awaken and proceed out the door for what awaits my day.

"Fuck you, you little punk," shouted the voice of a man, whom sounded middle-aged. Right before I was able to see what was happening, a loud bang against the wall propagated across the main room which startled me terribly. From the looks of it, it appeared the male nurse slammed Oliver against the wall—presumably out of frustration. Large quantities of blood seeped from his horrid face which now resembled a mangled mixture of flesh and feces. The nurse was the male nurse from yesterday, whose prick I was fortunate enough to suck.

I discovered his name to be John—the nurse assigned to supervise us. He, like all of us, was empty of any virtue and full of all vice. Such milestones he was able to achieve are as follows: running a 'farm' where he would kidnap pregnant women and force them into labor; then, he would take their children, fuck and flog them, and organize their corpses along a field on the farm; his brother would help him with his heinous acts—helping him kill his father by forcing their immense pricks inside their father's throat until he choked to death; they were able to gain their father's inheritance as a result; and John hired a serial rapist to rape his younger sister, whom was 16, and mother; he would then hire the rapist once more to abort both babies, only using scissors and a kitchen knife, and then rape both of the infants, to which, John emulated what the serial rapist did. John's wealth permitted him to send his sister and mother to prison as he relished in the power he had.

Not long after, he walked away without a second word leaving Oliver to bleed out on the ground. I walked over to Oliver asking him what prompted him to get John so angry towards him. "Well, I was mad about what we were doing today for our first activity and I was punished for that," Oliver said timidly, "he said we were to be stripped of our foreskins and that we were to eat them."

After hearing of his remark, I noticed Mark and Mason were sitting quietly on the couch as if nothing happened. We had only minutes until our first ceremony for the day would transpire, which would, additionally, serve as our breakfast for the day. I found pride in my foreskin and, initially, I was against this just as Oliver was, but I decided upon accepting what I was in for since I had no say in the matter.

John escorted the four of us to the therapy room, which was already in preparation for our entry. We were greeted with the presence of four doctors whom each had on blue, latex gloves; each carried a scalpel; and every last four of them sustained erections that were outlined by their trousers. The four of us were separated and assigned to our respective doctor, who held us by our arms.

"Now boys, all four of you will be subjected to circumcisions since we see no further use for your foreskins. I expect it to hurt like hell but that doesn't concern us in the least bit. If you expect mercy then you are a fool," John said with enthusiasm, "therefore, we will now begin the proceedings!"

Not long after, the four of us were affixed to the ground with our pricks pointed in the direction of the doctors whom seemed to gleam with joy at the sight. My doctor opened up my foreskin and carefully began to cut around my foreskin with the accuracy of a surgeon. Screams began not too long after as the four of us underwent pain worse than we've ever experienced. John began to laugh like a maniac and frigged himself to our torment. Additionally, he began to ream the doctor assigned to Mark whom, due to the reaming, lost his focus and partially cut open Mark's prick which resulted in Mark howling from the pain. John was able to discharge four times into the doctor, which left Mark's prick mangled and unfinished.

Our activity came to an end once Oliver and Mason's circumcisions were completed, which permitted us to indulge in our foreskin until every last bit was eaten up. The four of us had our pricks bandaged to prevent further bleeding and were sent off to rest until our next activity.

Even during our intermission, the four of us found ourselves having an orgy in the main room which provoked the other staff members, whom were present at the time, to participate along with us. The two female receptionists performed cunnilingus as a male nurse frigged the female receptionist's cunt and performed cunnilingus on the other. The male nurse's prick was about the size of a horse's, which resulted in the receptionist's cunt stretching like rubber and the three of them moaning in cries; the male discharged substantially into the woman's cunt to the point that it filled up her entire cunt with the white substance; the females discharged onto each other with a force greater than a fire hose. The four of us were positioned in a way that allowed Mark to ream Mason, me to ream Oliver, and Mason to suck Oliver's prick. The friction resulting from the lack of foreskin was apparent, but we were able to work around that drawback by lubricating our picks with the other's saliva.

Before the four of us were given the opportunity to discharge, we were called for our next activity. The nurse escorting the four of us this time was female and considerably attractive—gifted with curvy hips; was average in their stature; had an ass that was sturdy and compressed; maintained an unwavering outline of her cunt and ass along her pants; had long, red hair; and possessed breasts suited for women whom were able to dominate any feeble man. She was quite youthful and we all greatly admired that. Subsequently, the four of us had erections for the entirety of our walk to the activity room.

We reached the room where I was able to spot the company of one priest, four nuns, and ten clergymen. The priest was accompanied by a podium, a bible placed on the podium, and the four nuns and ten clergymen on each of his sides. His eyes were focused at the surface of the podium and his appearance resembled that of an elderly man whom had an aura of safety and hospitality. The four nuns, however, exhibited a much different display—each had on only long, black boots and a hat; all four had cunts appearing 'roasted' in their appearance, presumably from consistent use; had breasts that were relative to the size of our nurse's; and was blessed with asses possessing shit stains inside it and buttocks that were pink and supple. The clergymen each wore white robes along with a white, plain-looking mask that concealed their faces.

The female nurse then led us into the room and assigned us a nun. At this time, she shut the door which led us, without hesitation, to begin fucking the nuns along with the clergymen; the

priest recited bible passages during our debaucheries. Our moans intensified as the priest began to mention sins. “Oh what sins you are committing. All of you are committing the sinful act of adultery, to which, will be punished by compelling all of you perverted sinners to the depths of hell,” the priest cried with passion, “release those passions upon the one you fuck; succumb to these sins and embrace these vices. Your virtues are of nothing to anyone—don’t hold yourself back!”

“Oh, what a tight fucking cunt you have,” said one of the clergymen who, along with me, frigged the cunt of a nun infected with various vaginal diseases; the other two reamed her shit-stained ass and, after they discharged into her ass, licked the shit off the other’s prick. Subsequently, I discharged into her cunt along with the clergyman and allowed the two of us to slurp our discharges from her cunt. The other three were able to finish just fine—Mark reamed the nun and clergyman’s ass; Mason performed cunnilingus on the diseased cunt of the nun while being reamed by a clergyman and frigged by another; Oliver, who unfortunately was handicapped due to not possessing a prick anymore, had to resort to giving the nun a rim job, whose ass was stained with shit, as two clergymen pissed into his ass and another sucked on his nipples, which were covered in scabs; the clergyman bit the scabs and slurped the pus seeping from the scabs.

“Ah, what wonderful vice the four of you achieved,” the priest said profoundly, “thus, I will send the four of you off to your next activity.” The nurse, whom escorted us, allowed access to the door and sent us back to the main room. “I must say, the four of you did an outstanding job this time around—your pricks are all so lovely and immense,” she said seductively. The four of us blushed profusely from her compliment and, without reluctance, Mark propelled himself on top of her, which led her to thump to the ground. “Fuck, I can’t hold it in any longer,” Mark said loudly. He pulled his trousers down with ease along with hers and began to frig her cunt with madness. Her breasts, between each thrust, bounced remarkably; her moans convulsed every last part of her being; and her cunt was able to fasten itself tightly onto Mark’s throbbing prick. Due to this, Mark was only able to last a mere two minutes with two discharges filling her precious cunt and the three of us taking turns after Mark; however, only Mark and I were able to discharge since the others lacked the stamina to do so.

“Oh my, boys, you sure were horny,” she said with a smirk, “well, just hold it in for the next activity please.” We nodded sheepishly and headed to the main room where Mark and I worked on a jigsaw puzzle while Mason and Oliver took a rest on the couch. Lunch was served a few minutes later which included a fresh, steaming pile of shit, two male nipples, and piss to drink. Since we were starving, all four of us were able to clean our plates with ease.

“No no, you have to do one last thing before leaving the table,” said John, “you have to discharge upon the plate through any means you please; then, we can go to our next activity.” We sat at the table confused while also formulating an idea until we decided to resume our orgy from earlier.

Each took turns reaming the other until all of us were able to discharge upon our plates. John, once he finished observing the discharges, spoke again, “Alright now, I’ll take the four of you to the next activity.” The activity room had the presence of four young puppies whom each looked as if they hadn’t eaten in days; their rib cages were noticeable along with their minuscule stomachs.

Once we all entered the room John spoke of the next activity, “Now, for the activity, each is to fuck a puppy assigned to them and discharge into it. These puppies won’t resist since they’ve been poorly fed so don’t expect them to put up much of a fight. Thus, once the last of you discharges, the activity will cease.” We nodded, however, we were reluctant after hearing the whimpering coming from our victims as if they were aware of their fate.

“Well, I’m going on ahead,” said Mark, whom not long after, was completely unclothed and had his prick positioned towards the puppy’s ass, to which, he began to ream vigorously. I decided to follow along and pick the puppy on the far right corner. Subsequently, I unclothed myself, allowed my victim to behold my immense prick, and began to ream my victim’s ass which incited my victim to whimper in pain. Their efforts were futile, so I kept at it, even going so far to cause internal bleeding inside my victim. Following was choking my victim and an almost immediate discharge into my victim’s asshole. Mark was able to emulate my behavior, with the exception of choking; Oliver, though, pissed into his victim’s mouth and forced his victim to lick his mouth, which now had piss on it, until he discharged; Mason was able to mouth-fuck his victim and frig their prick.

Our success resulted in the closure of our activity with the four of us feeling a sense of satisfaction. John, whom awaited at the door, accosted the four of us to direct our attention, “Now boys, we have concluded this activity and thus, Dr. Berno will inquire about your current state. He should be anticipating our arrival at any moment, so please follow me to the waiting room.” “Yes sir,” we said in response.

Not long after, we walked to the main room to see Dr. Berno sitting at the table in the middle of the room; this time around, looking more attentive and stern. “Hello boys, I need to talk with all of you before you begin the next activity; I’ll start with James first,” Dr. Berno said vehemently. The four split up—me sitting next to Dr. Berno while the other three sitting on the couch preparing for their turn. Once Dr. Berno and I were situated in our seats, he spoke with a hint of irony in his voice, “Now James, how have things been for you?” Following his remark, he began to slowly put his hands onto my thighs, which were partially exposed from my shorts. Soon after, he began to rub them as he put his weight onto my thighs while saying, “I’ve been watching you very carefully and I must say, you are one fine toy.” From this, I blushed which he noticed and, accordingly, began to move his hand towards my prick until he said, “Alright, that was some good work. I’ll see you tomorrow James.” I stood there shocked about what I heard. “Why did that bastard have to tease me like that,” I said as I walked away from the table pouting.

Dr. Berno examined the other three with ease and soon, dinner was ready. “Alright boys, here’s your dinner,” shouted John. Our meal for today consisted of our usual feces with the addition of snot and blood. I noted that the feces had a more mushy texture than the other times. Mark seemed to have a distaste for the snot which led him to argue with John, whom responded by saying, “So you won’t eat the snot,” John spoke up again more sternly, “then I’ll force you to eat it!” John walked up to Mark, who shrunk out of fear, and grabbed Mark’s head, as if it was a sports ball, and began savagely digging his hands into the snot and forcing it into Mark’s mouth. Mark screamed throughout the torment as the three of us stood paralyzed in our seats. The misery ceased once all of the snot was cleaned from the plate.

The four of us were dismissed from the table and accompanied to our next activity. A loud smacking noise erupted from a nearby room which was where our next activity would be at. The four of us gave each other confused looks but still followed along with John. A yell then was heard from the room, “Yes bitch, hit it harder. Hit it as hard as you can, you fucking whore!” It was the voice of a man who sounded like he was in his middle-ages. That was when I was able to see what was going on—a man, who was fully naked, was being flogged by a topless woman with black, satin panties and long, black boots. By them was a black table with two wooden crosses and two dildos.

We gathered around this spectacle and were given our instructions, from the woman, as follows—“So boys, I will be flogging every last one of you until I am able to make blood stains on your buttocks. Once I am able to do that, I want the other to lick every last blood drop as the person, whom is licking, is reamed with one of the wooden crosses sitting on the table. Then, the licker is to ream the other with one of the dildos sitting on the table. The activity will cease once every last one of you discharges.” “Yes mistress,” we shouted.

“So I want Mark and Oliver to be partners and James and Mason to be partners,” said John. Mark and Oliver decided to be the first to go and so, Oliver positioned himself to be whipped by the mistress as Mason and I awaited our turns. She flogged Oliver with callous force as Oliver screamed, “Oh fuck, do it more! Make it as red as you fucking can, whore!” She was able to flog Oliver until snippets of flesh began collecting onto her whip which resulted in large blood marks all over his buttocks. “Ok Oliver, I’m ready,” said the eager voice of Mark, whom had the dildo in his hand. The dildo was approximately 16 inches in length and 14.5 inches in circumference which was well suited for Oliver’s loose ass.

Mark stuck the dildo in with ease and arranged his face towards Oliver’s buttocks. Following this, Mark started licking his buttocks while reaming him with the dildo which made it hard for Mark to lick the blood off since he would squirm in pleasure. All of a sudden, the woman began shoving the cross into Mark’s ass, whom began clamoring blasphemous terms as he was being reamed. The woman noticed this and began egging him on saying, “Oh yeah, you’re a filthy little sinner, aren’t you? You sick, imprudent pig, you sure do love this, don’t you?” The seductive talk was enough to make both Mark and Oliver discharge simultaneously—Mark discharging three times and Oliver twice.

“Ok boys, your fun is over. Now it’s James and Mason’s turn,” she said wickedly. Mason and I positioned ourselves on the ground, just as Mark and Oliver did, with me positioning my ass to be flogged while Mason awaited for my buttocks to be blood-stained. Subsequently, the woman began flogging my ass with harsh intensity, to which, I howled in a mix of pain and pleasure. Like what Oliver did, I shouted blasphemous things saying, “Fuck god and fuck all of those virtuous imbeciles. I love this vice; oh what pleasure it is to indulge in vice!” In response, the woman, iniquitously, said, “Oh, you like being a bad boy. I want your ass to be painted in vice and show it proudly for all. You are such a dirty little boy.” Eventually, she ceased her flogging with the result being my buttocks stained in blood with flesh mangled around it.

Accordingly, Mason approached me with the dildo, crouched down to face my ass, and began vigorously reaming me with the dildo. “Oh fuck, this reminds me of my father’s prick,” I said

in response to what I felt once the dildo was inside of my ass. The woman, once she was made aware that Mason and I were ready, started reaming Mason with the wooden cross. To our surprise, Mason didn't say a single word yet he was able to discharge five times while I was only able to discharge twice. The two of us were restless from the experience, while the other two, Mark and Oliver, were still as energetic as ever.

"Well, well, you boys sure were aroused," the woman said with a snicker, "now that you've finished, this activity is now over. Feel free to go back and enjoy the rest of your day." John then escorted the four of us back to the main room without another word. We contemplated what our next course of action was, as we had three hours until bedtime.

I decided upon fucking one of the nurses in the reception area, which is relative to the TV area in the main room. Unfortunately, the nurse, whom I fucked yesterday, wasn't present but nonetheless, there were still two highly attractive ones within my reach. The first nurse, whose name was Rebecca, had little to no ethics present in her. This woman was as carnal as any woman could be; her vices include: the murder of her mother to obtain her wealth; the murder of a child she failed to abort; the fucking of hundreds of men throughout her life which led her to develop severe vaginal diseases; allowing a man to rape her and then reporting the man to the police, which resulted in him being arrested; the man was her brother whom committed suicide three weeks later by hanging himself in his cell; police allowed her to frig herself to her brother's corpse; and, lastly, she possesses a collection of dismembered pricks, to which, she uses to pleasure herself frequently. Her cunt is freshly shaved and her breasts encompass motherhood from their immense size.

The other nurse, Nancy, was one fucking whore: already at the age of four, she made her father, whom was a notorious libertine, frig her cunt, piss in her mouth, and flog her over fifty times until he discharged into her cunt. Her vices go even farther to where she worked as a daycare assistant and would frequently indulge herself in debaucheries with the children, whom were aged 2-8 years old. Last of all, she murdered both of her parents, brother, and sister and stole all of their assets while also partaking in necrophiliac activities with their corpses; to which, she was able to experience her brother's prick, which stood at 8 inches even when flaccid, experience eating out her mother's cunt, which became infested with maggots, and lastly began forcing the maggots emitting from her mother's cunt into her own cunt and also into her father's prick while frigging herself with his prick.

Rebecca and Nancy noticed my gawking of their physiques which propelled the two, whom now appeared seductive towards me, to lure my aroused self to their palms. I walked to the reception table and realized that the two were on the edge of the counter. Before long, the two spontaneously began to make advances to me; thereupon, Nancy began to take off my pants as Rebecca began to kiss me with passion that could rival a mother's—the two indulging profusely in my tools. Not long after, Nancy began to suck my prick as if it was a Popsicle and I found myself moaning with linear progression in the intensity of my moans.

My hands, upon no orders, seized the breasts of both women, whom found themselves disconnected from their environment. "Ah, what superb breasts," I said fanatically, "I beg of you, my mistresses, to show me no mercy and to inflict your vices upon me. I am sinful and I want you

whores to acknowledge that!" The two, upon my wish, began intensifying our debaucheries through the manner of flogging, waterboarding, nipple torture, and even going as far to flame my buttocks until nothing but flesh remained from it. Once the burning of my buttocks ceased, I instructed the two whores to discharge onto my burnt ass, to which, Rebecca was able to discharge four times while the latter was able to discharge six times. As punishment for Rebecca's lack of discharges, I subjected her to twenty floggings, ravaging her cunt even further with my prick, and smacking her breasts with substantial force.

Our vices concluded after I was able to deplete every last ounce of my lust. The two now resembled zombies; their cunts around twice as loose as they were previously and each was drooling as a result of my immense prick. Both women had their cunts drenched in my discharge and Rebecca, whose cunt was infested with diseases, made the color of my discharge turn yellowish in color. A clock, which was relative to where I fucked the two women, showed the time as "eight-o'-clock" which meant our debaucheries had to cease since my bedtime was thirty minutes away. Thus, I left with my final words being, "Farewell, my mistresses. I will make sure to fuck your precious cunts once again." The two women, while still euphoric, gave a seductive smirk to my remark as I then shut the door behind me.

John, whom stood by the side of the door, could be seen putting his pants back on as drips, which I presumed was his discharge, covered the floor by which I was standing on. "Well kid, that sure was one hell of a show you put on in there. I was trying to look for you since your bedtime is approaching, but once I heard those moans, I couldn't help but relieve myself," he said profusely, "now kid, I think the other boys want to have some fun with you before bed, so I'll allow that. I will be participating too." John, oddly enough, took my hand after he said that, and, soon, I found myself following the man without any second thoughts; to which, I was guided by his grip.

A few moments later, we arrived at a place, which resembled the activity room, that had the company of the three others in the center of the room with a faint lamp being the only source of light in the room. Mark and Oliver were already undressed with Mark's prick being at its pinnacle erect state, while Oliver, who was deprived of a prick, stood in awkwardness and fondled his testicles. Mason, on the other hand, only had his shirt off and waited for the proceedings. Once John and I stepped inside the room, the activities commenced almost immediately. Mark pinned me down to the ground, stripped me of any seldom strength I had, and reamed my ass so hard that his prick began bleeding; to which, he neglected to lubricate. Mason and Oliver began passionately making out while having turns being reamed by John, who could only fit his prick a few inches in their assholes due to his prick's enormous size.

The five of us were able to finish, each having the opportunity to discharge, eat the other's discharge, and ream the other until our pricks poured substantial amounts of blood into the other's ass. John had the most discharges while Mason had the least, with the exception of Oliver. We took a few minutes to catch our breath; thereupon, John directed us to our respective rooms to rest for the coming day, to which, would hold ravishing affairs.

CHAPTER III

I felt something prodding my buttocks, which was in full view towards the ceiling. Upon opening my eyes, was Mark, whom had his erect prick positioned towards my ass, of which, looked as if it was swollen from consecutive friggings. “Good morning James, you wouldn’t mind if I reamed your ass,” he articulated contentedly. Under the circumstances, which I was half-awake at the time, I signaled a nod to his advances. Thus, he took my answer as a yes which resulted in him immediately sticking his prick into my ass as if he awaited this particular moment for years. His thrusts were much more tenacious than previously, which hinted at his apt sex drive that could very well rival a wild animal’s.

Seven-o’-clock hit and, not long after, John began knocking on our doors notifying us of breakfast. Thus, Mark halted his reaming as did I with relishing in it. The two others, whom were noticeably groggy, prepared for breakfast as John, whom looked groggy like the rest of us, spoke of our plans for the day. “Boys, today will be different from the other days. Your aliments will not be scheduled and instead, will be provided during your activities. However, water will be available only once a day, so use it wisely. Now for breakfast, make sure to eat it all up because it will be the last real breakfast you’ll ever have,” John said right before he sat at the table relative to ours, as he usually did.

The four of us were each served green-tinted shit, which had maggots crawling inside of the crevices of the shit. Additionally, we were served piss to drink and cunts, which were roasted, as our appetizers. Knowing our current predicament, we, accordingly, wedged every last bit of the shit, cunts, and piss we were served and, subsequently, found ourselves indulging in gluttony. “Oh, what a feast the four of you are having right now. Such polluted and dirty little boys you are,” he said blissfully. My shit had the presence of six maggots in it while the other three were unfortunate to only have three. I indulged myself greatly with this fact in mind; it was almost as if I had some form of power manifesting itself by gracing me with this miracle. Subsequently, I indulged in inordinate servings of the meal as did the other three, to which, resulted in John shining a joyous smile sprinkled in corrupt intent.

The four of us finished our meals with each of our stomach’s filled up copiously. John, whom noticed this, told us of our first activity, “So boys, now that you’ve finished your meals, I will now be taking you to the next activity. As I mentioned before, our schedule is going to be different today so we will be starting the activities immediately. For the first one, each of you will be able to fuck four Negros, whom we’ve procured. Each carries a prick between the ranges of 12 inches to 19 inches in length and 10 inches to 17 inches in circumference. Mark will be assigned to the largest prick whilst Oliver will be assigned to the smallest as a consequence for his absence of a prick. Each of the four Negros is accompanied by a master, whom is Caucasian and has a prick between 13 inches to 22 inches in length and 16 inches to 20 inches in circumference. Each of you will be reamed by one of the Negros and one of the masters, and also having the opportunity to ream the Negro. However, you will not be given the privilege of reaming the masters.” After barking the orders, John directed us to the usual activity room, which was occupied by the four Negros and four masters.

Once we arrived in the room, I was able to make note of the masters and Negros. The first master, who was on the far-left side of the room, has dark, greasy hair; the presence of only three teeth, of which, were yellow and rotting; has a prick concealed by thick, scruffy pubic hair that looks as if it was never shaved in years—it stands 13 inches in length and 16 inches in circumference. From the looks of it, he appears to be in his early to mid-30s. The reason for him being present here was due to his previous vices, which are as follows: he had an obsession with strangling young boys, aged between 7-10, and discharging upon them once they fainted; due to his immense wealth from an inheritance by his father, he was able to take ownership of his family farm, to which, he added slaves to it after becoming tired of the tedious work; the slaves he possessed each would be raped, castrated, and flogged on a daily basis with food and water only being given to them once a day after their work on the farm was complete; and, with his wealth, he was able to pay off the police and other law enforcement to avoid being captured for his nefarious activities. The Negro sitting right beside him was one of the slaves he decided to bring along with him, whom was the highest performing one on the farm. The Negro has a prick standing 12 inches in length and 12 inches in circumference. Although his prick is smaller than the others, his stamina well compensates for that drawback.

The master next to the first has balding, gray hair; no presence of a tongue; only two teeth in his mouth; has little amounts of pubic hair, which is able to show his prick—it stands 15 inches in length and 18 inches in circumference. The man is most definitely in his 50s-60s. He's here for these reasons: the lynching, raping, and eye-gouging of Negros in his area whom he kidnapped and murdered; used his wealth as a prominent banker to indulge in these debaucheries; one time, he murdered the parents of an 8-year-old boy, gouged out both their eyes, and proceeded to eye fuck the two while forcing the 8-year-old to watch the entire incident; afterwards, he pissed on the boy's stomach, ate the flesh of his ass, and forced the 8-year-old to eat the dismembered prick of his father and dismembered cunt of his mother; in the end, he murdered the boy and then discharged upon his corpse before pissing on it and then leaving. The Negro next to him is around the age of 15 and has a prick standing 14 inches in length and 15 inches in circumference, which is impressive for his age. Unfortunately, his prick is circumcised; although, he is able to discharge approximately 20 times each and every day.

The next master looked to be in his middle ages with blond, messy hair and unlike the formers, he is more hygienic than them having all of his teeth in perfect symmetry; has no pubic hair, however, his prick is ravaged with diseases and warts that almost made me puke in the mere sight of it; his prick stands 18 inches in length and 17 inches in circumference. His vices are as follows: one time, he tied up his wife and daughter to a chair in the kitchen and forced the two to watch him perform cunnilingus upon two mistresses, whose cunts were infested with horrendous vaginal diseases; additionally, he forced his daughter to lick up his discharge on the mistresses' cunts, and, lastly, raped both his wife and daughter alongside the mistresses, whom were paid handsomely for their work. He did this frequently by locking up his wife and daughter in the basement until ending off his libertinage with the murder of the two by strangulation. The Negro

next to him is approximately 16 years of age and has a prick standing 17 inches in length and 15 inches in circumference. He can only discharge five times a day in comparison to the others.

The last of the masters, standing on the far-right corner of the room, appeared to be around 70 years of age and has the appearance of a disgusting scoundrel—breath that smells as foul as my father's, no presence of teeth, one eye with the other being infested with different types of parasites, and has a prick standing 22 inches in length and 20 inches in circumference. His vices are quite long, due to his experience, thus I will condense them as follows: started his sexual exploration at the age of 10 with the flogging of his parents; raped his brother, who was age 10 when he was 12, and forced him to lick off every last piece of smegma from the crevices of his prick; murdered and performed necrophilia upon his sister and finished her off by eating all of her entrails at the age of 15; murdered both of his parents to acquire their wealth and use it to fund his debaucheries; murdered over 100 prostitutes, aged between 6 to 98, whom were murdered by strangulation, stabbing, torture, and forced suicide; he discharged upon them when they screamed in agony; and, last but not least, he operated around 10 child trafficking rings were he, with his wealth, kidnapped approximately 80 children, boys and girls aged between 2 months old and 9 years old, to which, he flogged, reamed, eye gouged, eye fucked, frigged, and performed necrophilia upon each and every one of them; he even went as far to force the children to fuck their dogs and cats as he frigged himself to what they were doing. The Negro next to him was around the age of 60 having a prick standing 19 inches in length and 17 inches in circumference. While he may have the largest prick in comparison to the others, his discharges are weak and rare as a result of his age. However, the master can, with ease, discharge 40 times in a single day without any loss of stamina.

Thus, the activities commenced with me being assigned to the man relative to the man on the far-right and the others being assigned to their respective master/Negro. John sat by the door and frigged himself to the acts as if he was a spectator of a ceremony. The middle-aged master, whom I was assigned to, instructed me as follows—"So James, I want you to suck my prick while my Negro reams your ass. You are to not stop sucking until the Negro and I both discharge simultaneously." I nodded and, without hesitation, the master grabbed my head and positioned it in a way to allow him to mouth-fuck me. The Negro did the same by positioning his prick towards my ass and remarked saying, "What a tight ass this boy has!" The master vigorously mouth-fucked me which resulted in me puking a few times which only advanced the master's arousal.

A few minutes later, we switched to where I would be reaming the Negro whilst the Negro sucked the master's prick. The Negro's ass was almost as tight as mine and, to my surprise, I discharged almost immediately which resulted in the master, in a fit of rage, flogging the Negro approximately 50 times until the master discharged upon him. Before I could have another chance, the master spoke, "Ok James, your time is up." I was disappointed by how short my time was, but I noticed John still frigging himself in the corner which prompted me to see if he was willing to fuck me.

"Yeah James, of course, you can," he said ecstatically. John then positioned himself in a crouched positioned and said, "Ok James, now go ahead and ream me and yell all the most depraved things you can think of!" I, accordingly, positioned my prick, which was still erect, to his

ass and began reaming him while watching the spectacle the other three were putting on. Mark looked almost stunned with the master reaming him as he sucked the Negro's prick; I noticed a pink, light blush along his cheeks. Oliver, on the other hand, was flogged, pissed upon, and vomited on by the master whilst having a dildo, which was around 20 inches in length, reamed with force stronger than any of the masters' in the room. Mason reamed the Negro while sucking the master's prick, to which, he was able to make him discharge twice into his mouth. Not only that, but Mason also pissed and shitted upon the Negro while letting the master flog the Negro, which resulted in Mason discharging three times onto the Negro's body which was covered in feces, piss, vomit, and blood.

When the three finished, they decided to watch my debaucheries with John. In just three minutes, I was able to discharge into his ass and John was able to piss and discharge simultaneously right after I completed my discharge. "What a fucking incredible experience that was. You have one nice prick I must say," John said profusely, "Anyways, boys, our first activity is done. Since it's eight-o'-clock now, I will give you a brief ten minute break and then we will begin our next activity." The four of us acknowledged his remark and, with him, walked out of the room which emitted an odor mixed with feces, vomit, piss, and semen. The masters, accordingly, chained up the Negros to prevent them from escaping and patted them on the head.

Our break consisted of us, once more, performing an orgy with the inclusion of John and another nurse, whom was female. I soon recognized that the female nurse was the nurse who walked us to our activity that one time. I was able to find out her name, Stacy, who can very well be described as follows—a polluted, filthy bitch with no care for her personal hygiene; has a cunt with pubic hair concealing every last bit of it; has the occupation of over 20 maggots in her cunt; and has a buttocks so loose that it resembles two pancakes. Her vices were as follows: she had an obsession with filling her cunt with over a thousand maggots while forcing a man, whom had over 10 STDs, to frig her cunt; once time, she slit the throat of a ten year old, whom she was babysitting, and fucked the inside of the 10 year old's throat with a strap-on; stole the assets of her neighbors and had connections with law enforcement to where she was able to evade capture; and murdered, raped, flogged, and reamed approximately 60 boys, aged 5-20, and 45 girls, aged 2-19. As a consequence of her vices, her cunt appears as a circus of warts, pus, and scabs that mark her vices, from her experience with maggot play to the debaucheries with the children.

During our break, I was able to lick and frig her cunt, ream the ass of John and the other three, and let the woman shit into my mouth as John pissed into my ass and Mark sucked my prick. All of us were given the opportunity to experience each individual thing, with the exception of Oliver whom was only able to experience the woman vomiting and pissing into his mouth. Even so, Oliver let the woman crush his balls which resulted in them resembling stew. We saw it as a pathetic attempt from Oliver to gain redemption for his loss of a prick.

"Boys, our next activity is ready," said John. The four of us gathered around him and patiently waited for our next activity. John walked us to the usual activity room, which now had the occupation of four females, each of whom had roaches emitting from their cunts. All of their cunts had large warts all around the crevices, to which the roaches feasted upon. Each woman had their

own respective story to tell. John, whom was behind us, shut the door once we entered and spoke of our instructions as follows—"So boys, these fine women will be telling you stories of their vices. Please be on your best behavior and yes, you can indulge yourself in the stories." We sat on the ground, next to the other, and anticipated their depraved tales.

The first woman, who wore only black boots, was the first to speak. Her hair was as red as the fires of hell; she had a smirk on her face the entirety of her readings; and possessed a cunt ravaged with approximately 20 different roaches and 30 warts. Additionally, she had the existence of only one breast, to which, was as horribly infested as her cunt was. The one next to her wore red, high heels with satanic symbols painted onto them; had on red lipstick, symbolizing the former's red hair; her cunt had approximately 25 maggots and 60 warts painting the crevices; and she had the ass of a glutenous pig, to which, was partially mutilated with satanic symbols. The other next to her looked to be 13; her cunt, unlike the others, was clean and had no roaches or warts, instead, having no presence of a clitoris; and her ass appeared as if it had been flogged over 100 times before her arrival. The last one was the foulest of the others—she had green, rotting teeth; no presence of a tongue; had both breasts missing with an upside-down cross being at the place to where her breasts once were; her cunt was unrecognizable due to over 30 different roaches, 50 maggots, and 60 warts being present all around her cunt; and she had an ass so worn-out it could damn well be amputated.

"Ok boys, so I will tell you of my vices now. My favorite one to tell is of the time I was a little girl. My father, when I was only three, already reamed my ass, frigged my cunt, and forced me to drink his piss. My father was a very coarse man; I remember his breath would always smell of semen, feces, piss, and vomit. He murdered my mother, whom was too sterile for his tastes, and imprisoned me in the basement—raping me every time I would head home from school and before I would go to sleep. One time, he spent ten hours drinking my piss and eating my shit and forced me to swallow his discharge. But it doesn't stop there," the first woman said with a pause, "as I was an eight-year-old, there was a notice in the mail looking for a volunteer for the mayor of the town, whom needed a child to help him with a few things. Thinking nothing of it, I decided to go to the mayor's office right away and, not long after, I was able to meet the man. The mayor, whom I've seen a few times previously, was old, balding, and had few teeth intact while also having a bulge always protruding out of his trousers. I was able to make it to his office in just ten minutes. I spoke to his secretary alerting of the note I received in the mail, and she, accordingly, notified the mayor of my visit. "Oh yes, allow the little girl in," he said.

She directed me to the room which was relative to her desk. I opened the door and found him sitting at his desk, organizing files, and anticipating my arrival. "Ah, there you are young girl," he said ardently, "don't be shy, come take a seat by my desk." I sat by his desk, which was littered with papers and documents of all kinds. After further inspection, I noticed he had a picture of me taped to the side of his desk which was covered in his discharge. "So young girl, thanks for coming by to help me with a few things," he said, "don't worry, it won't be long." As I sat there innocently, he began to slowly dig his hand around my dress until he was able to reach my cunt. "Oh my, you have one fine cunt for a young girl," he said fondly, "must I say, your father must be so proud of his little

girl." His fingers then traveled inside my cunt until they reached my clitoris. He fingered the inside of my cunt passionately and with ease as not to hurt my sensitive clitoris. "Now little girl, I presume your father has taught you this already—I want you to suck my prick," he said sincerely. I nodded as if I was unaware of his revelries.

The two of us stepped from our chairs and, to my surprise, the mayor was already unclothed and had his prick insight. His prick was capped with gray pubic hair and already was fully erect at 10 inches in length and 9.8 inches in circumference. I keeled to the floor and he bent over to position his prick towards my mouth. Not long after, I began sucking his prick superbly and effortlessly. "Oh my girl, your father has taught you well it seems," he said insolently, "keep sucking it harder until I discharge and then you'll be done for the day." I kept at it and felt his foreskin rubbing against my lips, which resulted in me blushing. "My, my, you sure are one slutty little girl," he said as he then began to force my head further to his prick. He was stunned by how I was able to deep-throat his enormous prick and soon, he found himself discharging three times into my mouth before falling to the floor panting. "Well girl, you've passed the test. I am willing to let you help around more and, in return, I will pay you $10 for each visit. How does that sound," he said. "Oh, that sounds wonderful," I said naively. He patted me on the head and walked me out of his room and shut the door behind me.

The mayor and I would do this for about a year, in which, I was able to accrue a total of $600 for my efforts. Such things we did included: shit eating; piss drinking; genital flogging; drinking of my menstruation blood; vomiting on the other whilst shouting blasphemous phrases; kidnapping other children and raping, murdering, and performing necrophilia upon them; and the circumcision of his prick as I shouted blasphemous phrases and vomited, shitted, and pissed upon him. The only reason the mayor was able to find out about me was because of the connections he had with my father, whom was associated with the town council. One night, the two fucked me in our with one frigging me with a kitchen knife as the other shitted and pissed onto my body while shouting blasphemous phrases. The two finished after flogging me over 80 times and discharging onto my body."

A clap erupted from John and the four of us after hearing of that profound tale. During the hearing of the tale, the five of us frigged ourselves, with the exception of Oliver, and even went as far as to performing cunnilingus upon the other three women's ravaged cunts. The applause subdued and thus, the next woman articulated her story as follows, "I was raised in a religious household as a child which I soon came to abhor. My father, mother, and siblings each inflicted their rectitude upon me every single moment they had available. I became more imprudent as a result and soon came to embrace my vices. One night, I sneaked out of the house and, out of sheer curiosity, walked to the church near my house. Once I arrived at the church, I noticed the presence of three silhouettes on the far side of the church. Foolishly, I headed to the source of the silhouettes and, without hesitation, the three of them sprinted to me and pinned me to the ground with force I've never experienced in my life. The shock of my predicament made it hard to make sense of my captors but with some effort, I was able to identify the three silhouettes as three homeless men whom slept outside the church. The three looked abominable and filthy; each had teeth rotting in black, one had no eye, and another had no clothing on and I was able to see his prick which was 9

inches in length and 7.8 inches in circumference. The man's prick had the presence of veins all around it and, like the others, had an inordinate amount of pubic hair harboring their prick and testicles. The other three had pricks between the ranges of 8-12 inches in length and 9-14 inches in circumference.

For the men, it was a golden opportunity to find an unsuspecting, naive girl walking around, unaccompanied, at night; it seemed as if they were deprived of any debaucheries for quite some time. "Ah, what a beautiful young lady you are," said one of the men. The man with one eye began to frig himself to me as the others began exhibiting themselves and, accordingly, did the same with me. "God damn, what a nice cunt you got there. It looks like it hasn't been used at all," one of them said with a snicker. The others laughed alongside him and, after their cackle, they began to frig my cunt which resulted in me flaring up in cries as they roared in laughs from my torment. The man with one eye instructed me to suck his prick, to which, I had to do as I had no choice to resist in the matter. Soon, it was set up to where one of the men would be mouth-fucking me, the other frigging my cunt, and another reaming my ass. Every little movement from the murky men, I could feel and soon, I found myself heaving from their dissoluteness. However, the men just found amusement and kept at it until they would see fit.

"Damn, this young girl is pretty good for an amateur," one of the men said. The others giggled in response. Not long after the man's remark, I noticed the three of them, simultaneously, prepared for their discharges as they said, "We're going to discharge now so open up all your holes as wide as you can!" I braced for their discharges which felt like volcanic eruptions in my mouth, ass, and cunt. Each of them was able to discharge approximately five times which felt notably dense. "Well girl, our fun with you is done. Thanks for pleasuring us tonight; we hope to see you again," one of the men said with a chuckle before walking back to their corner. I stood there bewildered before realizing how late I was and headed home.

Almost immediately, when I arrived home, I ran up the stairs faster than I ever did in my life and shut the door to my room and began to fall asleep as quickly as I could so my parents wouldn't find out. However, this same dark curiosity overtook me and I would frequently find myself indulging in debaucheries with these same men—thinking my parents were unsuspecting of what I was doing. However, one day after school, I noticed my mother sitting on the couch staring right at me grievously. The woman looked pissed and vexed as if I murdered her pet. Once I set my bag down and attempted to head upstairs to work on my homework, I was interrupted by her saying, "Stop right there young lady. We need to have a serious talk, right now!" Her tone, now noticeably displeased, made me think that she may have discovered what I was doing during the night. I walked to the couch, sat on the couch relative to her, and awaited for what would come next.

"You know why I'm so fucking pissed at you right now," she said embittered, "I know what you've been doing during the night. You make so much damn noise when you get home that it's obvious what you do. And that cunt of your's looks horrendous—all those damn warts from those vile men you let fuck you." I sunk into the couch with fear now realizing she was aware of my debaucheries. Not long after she said that, she walked to the couch I was sitting on, sat right next to me, and, without hesitation, took my jeans and underwear off. "Look at the mess you made, you

slut," she shouted, "for this, I'll punish you and teach you a fucking lesson!" She positioned her head towards my cunt and began performing cunnilingus upon it while also using her finger to stimulate my clitoris. Not much longer, I discharged three times onto her face which resulted in her becoming enraged at me. "You god damn bitch, you are one debauched slut. For this, I want you to eat every last piece of my shit and drink every last ounce of my piss." She stepped onto the couch and positioned her ass towards my mouth while instructing me to keep my mouth open and to swallow all of her shit. I complied and, not long after, she was able to shit four times into my mouth, to which, I ate with ease along with her piss. She was bewildered by how I was able to handle such things so easily. "Now you are one nasty skank, but I'm willing to keep it a secret from everyone because your father would freak out. So, don't do that fucking shit again young lady," she said sternly. I nodded and clothed myself as I contemplated what I just experienced.

I made sure to make my family unaware of these vices, however, that became futile after my brother, whom was 13, developed an interest in my body. One night, I was awoken by my brother's prick in my mouth with him moaning tenderly. I was initially startled but was calmed by my brother's words, "Don't worry sis, don't tell anyone I did this ok? I just think you're so fucking sexy so please, don't tell anyone? If you do, then I'll tell dad about what you did with mom." In response, with disarray, I said, "How the hell do you know about what I did with mom?" A brief pause was heard from him until he articulated, "Oh, I was home and I began hearing moans downstairs so I wanted to see what was up and I saw mom eating you out. It was so fucking hot that I couldn't help but frig myself to what I was seeing and I fucking discharged so much." Fearing that my father would find out, I decided to keep quiet and let my brother continually fuck me and blackmail me. He and I were able to pursue these debaucheries for four years on an, almost, daily basis. They ceased once my brother left for college. Fortunately, my father never discovered my vices until I moved out but, out of anger, he imprisoned my mother at home and, on a daily basis, would rape her, impregnate her, and rape her newborns to death whilst discharging upon her after repeatedly calling her a skank and slut. I never once bothered to save my mother, as I too thought of her in the same light."

Once again, applause broke out in the room once she finished. John and I took turns reaming one another during the reading as the other three fucked and reamed the other three women present. "Ok boys, it's one-o'-clock so you'll get your lunch now," John announced. Before long, we were served our meals, which were given to us on the floor. For our lunch today, we were served shit and piss with two roaches and ten maggots being present in each piece of the shit. The piss, as John said, was tainted with sexual diseases which would result in forming approximately ten warts on our pricks. However, it was not lethal and would only sting occasionally. Due to our hunger, the four of us ate our meals and acted nonchalantly to what we were given—none of us showing even the slightest amount of defiance.

After the four of us were able to finish our meals, the story-telling resumed now with the third woman telling of her vices, "I'm the youngest mistress here but regardless, I still have as sadistic anecdotes as my peers. For me, I began my pursuit of vice when I was only six. I was introduced to debaucheries by my teacher, whom had a profound attraction to me. He liked my naivety, my blond hair, my bubbly, blue eyes, and, most of all, my modest cunt. "Oh, what a fine

cunt you have, young lady," he said every single time he witnessed my cunt. He began his pursuit towards me during the last day before summer vacation. He seemed to be anticipating the summer more than his pupils—as if he had something grand planned-out for his summer. Our class that day was rushed and subpar in comparison to the previous classes, but he didn't care in the least bit. Not long after, the bell rung and all of us were dismissed home for summer vacation. However, he stopped me at the door saying, "Hold on young lady, I need to speak with you for a little bit. It won't be long and, no, you're not in trouble." Thinking nothing of it, I adhered to his statement and sat at the desk nearest to his. The two of us sat in silence until all students left the hallway, which then elicited him to shut the classroom door; thereupon, he spoke of why I was here as follows—"So young lady, I've been thinking about you for quite a while and, I must say, I am deeply in love with you. You are so sweet, pretty, cute, and sexy. Every night when I come home from a long day of work, I relieve myself to your yearbook picture and, never once, do I neglect this routine. Every single day, I follow this routine to the brim but even so, it can get a bit tiring after a while, which is why I decided to keep you here today—I promise it won't be long." Not long after saying that, he got up from his chair and signaled me to his desk, as he usually does. He began undressing as I stood beside him and was able to witness his prick, which was well over 10 inches in length and 6 inches in circumference. It was already fully erect and looked as if, never once, it experienced the warmth of a woman's cunt.

He began frigging himself vigorously as he fervently undressed me and started to finger my cunt to where I emitted a faint moan as a result. Without delay, he turned me around to face the back wall and placed my hands on the desk relative to his as he positioned his prick towards my cunt. He frigged my cunt like a mad man and had stamina that no such man has ever possessed the likes of before. The man was able to discharge into my cunt twice and go three more times at it until he was drained out. Over the summer, he invited me to his house and, every single day of the summer, we indulged in debaucheries which included: pegging of his ass; flogging of his buttocks 50 times every day with a wooden cross; flogging of his genitals whilst pouring hot wax into his ears and eyes as we both shout blasphemous phrases; suffocating the other until they faint and then discharging on them; giving the other a drug that impairs them and the other frigging them; kidnapping six children, two boys and four girls, whom would be subjected to floggings, reamings, friggings, and, in the end, murder as we deface their corpses with our discharges; and impregnating me and then frigging, flogging, and reaming the infant until they perish, to which, we would then perform necrophilia upon."

"Oh, what an astonishing tale, especially for such a young, little bitch like yourself," John said in awe. Subsequently, John began frigging and reaming the girl while flogging the girl with a wooden cross on the head and then frigging her cunt as she lays unconscious. The others were indulging with the other or with the women, including me, and, from the clock on the ceiling, the time now read "six-o'-clock". "Oh my, we've been here for a fucking long time," I thought to myself. The last woman then told of her vices, which were the most sickening in comparison to the other threes', "I was introduced to vice at a remarkably young age. When I was first born, my father, whom poisoned both the nurse and the doctor present in the room, frigged my cunt and forced me to suck his prick

and swallow every last bit of his discharge; my mother allowed this and even participated in it too. On the way home, my father, whom couldn't help himself, frigged my cunt once more and reamed my ass as my mother flogged his ass over 30 times until my father discharged into my cunt. We arrived home from the hospital and, not long after, my father tied me to his bed with a rope and reamed my ass whilst my mother pegged him in the ass and flogged him with a wooden cross. Every single day, my father reamed, frigged, flogged, and perform cunnilingus upon me and, additionally, inviting a group of five friends over to fuck me with him; he would do these things approximately five times every day. Once I was six years of age, my father moved on to pouring hot wax into my cunt, forcing insects into my eyes, ears, mouth, cunt, and ass; and subjecting me to daily floggings, reamings, friggings, shit eatings, and piss drinkings. After each year, he would increase the number of friends he'd bring over to fuck me; for example, when I was five, he'd bring over five but when I was seven, he'd bring over seven.

Once I turned 10, he purposely contracted approximately 30 sexual diseases and frigged my cunt with his diseased prick as he forced me to suck the pus out of the warts. At the age of 13, he brought home a dog he found on the street, whom wasn't vaccinated, and instructed me to ream the dog's ass while he mouth-fucks me and my mom pegs his ass and pours hot wax into it. We would do this for approximately two hours until my dad violently stomped on the dog until it was mutilated beyond recognition, to which, he discharged upon once he completely mutilated it. At age 14, he imprisoned me in the basement for 10 years, to which, he subjected me to frequent friggings, reamings, floggings, and tortures while forcing maggots, roaches, and rats into every hole I had and fucking me when I was on my menstruation period. When I was struck with the flu, he purposely contracted himself it and discharged after receiving it from me. He also, for every week, brought a puppy, aged two months, into the basement where I was held and forced me to watch him ream the puppy to death and then witness him crushing it into pieces as he ended it off by discharging upon the corpse.

At age 16, my father, with the help of 16 friends, raped me in the basement and ripped out my tongue—using it to frig my cunt. The 17 of them fucked every hole I had—each of them forced diseases, rodents, roaches, maggots, and poisons into every last hole I possessed. At the age of 20, while still imprisoned in the basement, my father subjected me to daily waterboardings, forcing me to watch his friends and him playing Russian Roulette, and having my breasts ripped off by him and his friends with an upside-down cross as a replacement for breasts. The dismembered breasts were forced into my ass while one of the breasts was lit on fire and the other was forced into my cunt with it being lit on fire. At the age of 24, my father finished off his debaucheries by forcing me to participate in Russian Roulette with his friends as they frigged and reamed every hole of mine, waterboarded and electrocuted me, forced approximately 20 needles into my eyes and cunt, and filled each of my holes with approximately 20 rodents, 20 roaches, 20 spiders, and 20 maggots. The game would cease only after my father and his 24 friends would discharge.

A roar of applause ensued with John shouting fanatically from what he heard, "Oh fuck, what a nasty bitch you are. God damn, your vices are greater than my own." John turned his attention to the rotten woman, whose vices outweigh even the most repugnant libertine, and found

himself fucking the woman and discharging into her rotten cunt. “God damn, what a fucking vile and despicable woman she is,” I thought to myself. The other three reamed one of the other women while I indulged in eating the roaches and maggots emitting from their vulgar cunts.

Once John completed his discharge into the rotten woman, he announced, “Ok boys, the activities for today are over. Now it’s time for bed!” The four of us were exhausted and felt numb after indulging in debaucheries for 12 consecutive hours; John, surprisingly, still looked as if he could go another 10 rounds if he wanted to. It was a struggle for the four of us to walk to our rooms so we helped each other to our respective rooms; however, our senses soon overtook us which resulted in the four of us vomiting after becoming aware of the atrocious odor emitting from us. John laughed it off and walked off as the four of us went to our rooms and attempted to clean off every last maggot on our bodies. However, before John disappeared from our peripheral vision, he said one last thing, “Just to let you know boys, you won’t be allowed to shower any longer so you will have to sleep dirty like that. If I catch you trying to shower or even using the sink to clean off, I will punish you.” No response was given from us other than a faint nod as we were too tired to care.

CHAPTER IV

The four of us rouse from our bunks as John prepared the activities for the day. The time was seven-o'-clock sharp and each of us was able to get the amount of rest we needed for the day. I noticed a device implanted on my testicles, as did the other boys. From how the device appeared, it was, most probably, an electric shocker that would electrocute our testicles during sexual intercourse.

"Ah, good morning boys I see that you recognized the device placed on your testicles. Don't be too worried, it is just a testicle shock device that will be used during our activities," John said sardonically. The four, without any way to show resistance on the matter, just accepted that we had our testicles encapsulated by the device.

"For our activity today, we will indulge in shock therapy for the entirety of the day. I've procured four mistresses, four studs—each of whom have pricks ranging between 18 to 25 inches—and four abominable pigs whom will be in charge of shocking your testicles. The four pigs, nicknamed as such due to their vices, are vile and repugnant with a lack of any care for the world, themselves, and what they inflict upon others. They were specifically procured to be in charge of this activity for that sole purpose. The pigs are comprised of Nate, who is a wealthy and prominent wall-street wolf whom indulges in shit eating, piss drinking, waterboarding, and cross flogging with boys, aged between 6 to 10. He prefers sex with little boys but will fuck little girls too—only by means of reaming their asses until his prick is covered in their blood.

The next of the pigs is Marvin, who serves on the council of his city, goes to church every Sunday, and, out of the others in his suburban community, is the most altruistic and respected of them all. Even so, Marvin uses his spare time to kidnap the boys in his neighborhood, whom range between newborn and 5 years of age; and periodically reams them, pisses on them, and forces them to flog him with a wooden cross, covered in his blood, piss, and discharge, approximately 80 times in the backroom of his church as a funeral is commencing. The boys end up murdered in the end and, during their funeral, Marvin excuses himself to the back room so he can frig himself to the funeral, to which, he discharges as much as a volcano to every single cry he hears in the room.

Succeeding the former is the 67-year-old, Bern. Unlike the others, he has the appearance of an oaf; seemingly doesn't mind letting his teeth fall out of his mouth; and is always inebriated on numerous amounts of drugs. His prick is circumcised but has the presence of warts, rashes, and scabs all around it with pubic hair resembling a jungle. In spite of his age, he is able to discharge approximately 30 times in a single day—his prick is able to maintain an erect state for long periods of time. His cherished indulgences are—obsessively collecting the pricks of boys, aged 2-6, and the cunts of girls, aged 7-11; electrocuting the genitals of boys, aged 7-11, and reaming their asses while being flogged with a wooden cross by a mistress, whom would be compensated handsomely; and kidnapping a brother and sister, murdering the sister in front of the brother, and forcing the brother to devour the corpse of his sister as he reams the brother and then discharges into the brother's ass as he cries in grief of his sister's demise.

The last of them, Lenard, has no problem indulging in reaming the asses of dogs and cats while choking them and then discharging once they fainted; dismembering the heads of seven-year-old boys and then fucking their skulls until he discharged; and frigging himself during a funeral and discharging upon the hair of the man or woman in front of him and licking it from their hair. Never once, has either a man or woman complained to him about this."

Immediately upon John's last words, the four mistresses, studs, and pigs entered the main room—each of whom seemed entertained by their fantasies. The mistresses held the pigs by leeches, while the studs followed behind them. Two of the studs had a red pentagram painted on their heads, while the other two had an inverted cross on each of their testicles. At the time, I saw no other person in the main room other than the four of us, John, and the four mistresses, studs, and pigs.

"Oh my, what beautiful boys we have here," said Bern. "Indeed, what marvelous bulges. I must say, I am looking forward to our debaucheries today," said Marvin, whom only had on a business suit without the presence of trousers and underwear. Marvin's prick stood at 8 inches in length and 6 inches in circumference, but he has the gift of discharging as much as he wants and as long as he wants at any given time.

Marvin moved closely to Oliver and commented, saying, "Oh, that's unfortunate that you have no prick and genitals. Be that it may, I think you will still be useful because I've heard lots about your suction capabilities." Oliver blushed from Marvin's words which resulted in Bern focusing his attention on Oliver's flush and, upon no orders, lunged himself upon Oliver and, with no second thought, ripped off his trousers—revealing his prick—and began to vigorously mouth-fuck Oliver, to which, resulted in him foaming from the mouth. Subsequently, this incited all of us to commence our debaucheries; thereupon, I was reamed by one of the studs, mouth-fucked by Nate, frigged by one of the mistresses, and eye fucked by Lenard, whom discharged into both of my eyes.

During this, one of the studs would, consistently, shock our testicles to every discharge, moan, and orgasm we were able to conceive. One of the mistresses was pregnant, approximately at her third trimester. Mark forced her into labor, fucked her newborn, discharged into the newborn's cunt, and forced a cross into the mistress's arduous cunt while Mason and a stud reamed her ass together whilst flogging her ass and pouring hot wax into her wounds, cunt, and ass. Mason, as he moaned from pouring the hot wax onto her ass, had his testicles shocked and, consequently, spilled the wax onto his prick resulting in screams, cries, and his prick being partially mutilated to where it resembled the ass of the victim he flogged.

The pigs ran about like scoundrels—every last one of them discharged, shitted, and pissed all over the floors as if they had no care in the world. The studs indulged alongside the pigs; a few taking turns at fucking each individual pig and the mistresses frigged our pricks, flogged us until each of our buttocks had flesh dripping from it, and electrocuted our testicles until our inevitable discharges.

The mistress, whom was frigging me, forced me to discharge upon her cunt, to which, had the presence of approximately 13 warts, seven scabs, and dried up cum all around the crevices; additionally, her cunt was bloodshot red and looked as if it was a roasted piece of chicken. I was

able to discharge into the whore a few moments after Lenard discharged into my eye and Nate discharged into my mouth. The two pigs, after finishing their respective discharges, began frigging the mistress's cunt as the other would lick up all the dried-up semen, my discharge, and piss from her cunt; the stud, whom reamed my ass, grabbed a taser and tased her cunt approximately 20 times; to our surprise, the whore didn't seem to mind this one bit.

John found himself to be indulging in the other studs and mistresses; he was reamed and sucked off by three studs — two reamed his ass simultaneously and one sucked his prick whilst flogging his genitals and two of the mistresses electrocuted his genitals as the other one flogged his ass while the flogger was reamed by another stud that had his ass reamed by Mark. Mark was flogged, pissed, and shitted upon by another stud—the same stud whom reamed my ass.

During the debaucheries, two men stepped into the room, each of whom looked out of place in comparison to the scoundrels overtaking the room. Each man had on a white robe, a permanent smile on their faces, and bulges protruding from their robes. The two emitted no signs of libertinage other than what their vices entailed. One of the men, Father Leon, stood tall in his stature; had muscles that were highly disproportional of his stature; had balding, red hair; and light, blue eyes shining in melancholy. His prick stood 18 inches in length and 17 inches in circumference—he could discharge as many times as he pleased in a single day. He prefers boys with tight assholes, preferably newborns and toddlers, and has an acute animosity for cunts and breasts—he wouldn't mind seeing a woman undergoing torture but he would refuse to frig their cunts.

Leon is a prominent minister of his church, known exclusively for operating the confession booth. He would, most notably, use the booth as a means to indulge himself and the other person whom sought for his help. For the men, whom sought Father Leon's help, they would be rewarded with Father Leon frigging himself to their tragedies, misfortunes, and morbidity. The little boys would be rewarded by Father Leon frigging himself during their confessions and discharging, on average, five to seven times per confession. He went as far as to drill a hole into the wall; the hole was capable of fitting his prick to allow the little boys to suck it. He did this consecutively to where he discharged as much as 100 times a day.

The latter, Father Neil, stood tall like the former; possessed scruffy, blond hair; and had teeth tainted in gold. His prick stands 17.6 inches in length and 18 inches in circumference—he can discharge only after being pissed and shitted on. He prefers girls, aged 8-10, and, unlike the former, has an intense loathing for reaming—he is able to find delight in shit eating and rim jobs but he greatly despises reaming asses yet doesn't mind other boys reaming his ass. Along with the former, he too is a prominent member of the church. He is the head preacher of the church and, when he finds himself with nothing to entertain himself with, runs the summer and school camp at the church. He selects a few children from the camp and partakes in piss drinkings, shit eatings, and cross floggings with them. He instructs the girls to suck off every last bit of smegma from his prick, forces a wooden cross into their cunts, and instructs one of them to light the cross on fire and ream his ass with it. He ends it off by brutally murdering the girls and sticking the burning cross into each of their cunts, to which, he frigs himself to each individual girl and discharges onto their scorching cunts.

"Oh fuck the savior and flog my ass," cried Father Leon, whom already was fondling his prick. We ceased our debaucheries just as all of us noticed the men, each of us looking just as dumbfounded as the other. "Oh yes, please, my mistresses, fuck me with all you can," cried Father Neil. Father Leon stuck a wooden cross into his asshole and reamed himself just as Father Neil plucked a mistress and forced her to piss on him as he shouted, "Fuck the savior and god; I want that wretched cross to be tainted with my semen, piss, and shit, to which, will never bare any form of purity again!" The whore imperiously crammed the cross up the Father's ass, fed him laxatives so he would be able to shit on the cross, and frigged him up until his discharge with the cherry on top being the whore pissing upon him and flogging him approximately sixty times.

Not long after Father Neil's discharges, Father Leon focused his attention on the four of us, in particular, me. He seemed to admire my prick and also my gaunt stature—it was as if I reminded him of a favorite pastime of his. Father Leon used to be an active participant in the kidnapping, raping, and murdering of approximately 70 boys, aged 6-17. His fondest of the 70 appeared just like me and, like me, had a prick completely disproportional from their stature. Father Leon commented profusely on this saying, "You remind me of my favorite child; both of you had the same dark hair, dark eyes, and enormous pricks." His compliments were flattering, which was made obvious by my face flushing up; he greatly adored that which elicited him to slowly begin kissing my neck as the others watched befuddled at what they were witnessing.

His kisses were passionate—full of the most insurmountable amount of sublime lust one could ever sense. Soft, subtle moans protruded from him as he pampered himself in the texture of my neck. "Ah yes, your neck is just like the neck of the former; its suppleness outweighing all whom I had the pleasure of deflowering," he said devotedly. The others adjourned from their bewilderment—each yielding more impetus than before. Not once, were pricks not being electrocuted, studs not reaming a boy, a pig disregarding their debaucheries, nor a mistress not having at least two scoundrels frigging her cunt.

One-o'-clock it was; all of us, saturated in the other's discharge, covered in bruises, soaked with piss, and topped with shit. The only scoundrels whom had any stamina were the pigs and the priests. "What ribald, coarse rascals they are," I thought to myself as I stood idle on the floor to reclaim my fortitude. Mark, Mason, and Oliver each emulated what I was doing; John, the pigs, and the priests discussed further plans; and the mistresses and studs ribbed the other as if they were school children—not once did any pause in their articulation.

"All right boys, it's lunchtime," John announced with his customary resonance. The room abruptly emanated a rotten odor—one far worse than the four of us experienced before. Each of us had to grasp our nostrils with tenacious force; the mistresses and studs, additionally, showed their own form of disgust. One of the whores heaved like a beast; a stud, accordingly, devoured the whore's vomit as if he was a barbaric swine. Father Neil, in the process of us enduring the abhorrent bouquet, frigged himself like a madman and discharged upon one of the whore's cunt. "Dear me, what an enchanting cunt," Father Neil clamored, "the penetrating redness all around it exhibits such fomenting refinement; to which, manifests itself from the carnality you let other scoundrels perform

upon you. Not once, can I ever take my mind off that; your cunt implores me to clamor exceedingly blasphemous utterances—utterances that pervade the entire room."

Father Neil frigged her cunt like a deranged beast whilst shouting, "Fuck the savior; I see my pleasure as higher than any angel or god. I will not succumb to salvation and, instead, prevail as debauched as I can!" Father Neil found modest delight—only shouting blasphemous phrases and alternating the whore's cunt until it was capped in pure red. "Oh, the savior to whom is nothing to me, I release this load to further detest your poignant helplessness, to which I show no gratitude towards and only indulge in the thought of levying my vices upon others; to whom, are as feeble as their rotten lord," Father Neil exclaimed with ardor rivaling even the most deviant libertine. His discharge correlated directly to his ardor; the whore's cunt was capped with his discharge to the very brim.

Our refreshments were served just after Neil's discharge; however, before we could eat, John and the priests gave the next decrees as follows—"For today's lunch, we will strap the four of you with a collar, each able to fit your respective heads. Next, the four pigs will connect a leech to your collars, treat you like a dog, and ream your asses as you eat. The pigs can do what they please with you during your meal; I expect you to be glazed with shit, piss, and semen by the time you finish your meals." We stood like sheep on a farm; not a single one of us putting up any form of resistance. The two priests took turns strapping on our collars while, occasionally, fondling our pricks, legs, and ass. The persists never once were soft with the fondling; Neil, especially, adored viciously flogging each of our asses with a wooden cross. It took approximately ten minutes until the four of us had the collars on; the priests were able to piss, shit, and discharge on each of us during that time.

We were treated like dogs and thrown our food onto the ground; all, of which, consisted of laxatives and piss to drink. The laxatives were to be taken in a quantity of three; neither of us gave a hint of reluctance. We feasted on the laxatives; each of us licked our fingers clean to sustain its fragility. During our feast, the four of us were reamed by the priests, frigged by the pigs, flogged by the studs, and pissed upon by the mistresses as John fucked every last priest, pig, stud, and mistress until he was thoroughly placated.

Following this, each and every one of us expelled colossal volumes of shit which doused the pricks of the priests and the faces of the pigs; each, of whom, licked off the other's prick and face. Our stomachs throbbed in agony to where I found myself fermenting into harrowing nausea and vertigo; the others suffered too. Mark heaved like the whore from before, Mason shitted perpetually at an exponential rate, and Oliver shitted out the mouth and ass which caused him to suffocate for an extended period of time; Oliver, however, suffered nothing lethal other than ghastly torment.

The pigs began shocking our testicles like lunatics and howled in laughter once they noticed our testicles beginning to become mangled. The whores devoured the partially torn off flesh dangling from our testicles but made sure to not eat away our ball sacks. "What fucking scoundrels you are," shouted Father Leon, whom examined us whilst frigging his prick. Father Leon appeared noticeably disinterested so he decided upon grabbing the cross nearest to him, seizing the stapler sitting on the receptionist's desk, and indignantly nailing his testicles to the floor. Thereupon, he

pulled out his wooden cross, arranged it to face his testicles, and began strenuously belting the cross on his prick; the Father clamored, “My my, what a fucking profound sensation this is. The house of god, to which only I am the sole proprietor of, is nothing to me. I gain insurmountable delight at the thought of smearing the savior, to whom is an anemic, pitiful buffoon that deserves nothing other than my overly direct coarseness!” The father discharged six times and, in the end, had both of his testicles mangled beyond recognition. The testicles were plucked by Father Neil, to which he embedded up his ass and into Father Leon’s ass; he instructed Father Leon to ream his ass and piss inside of it. Following, he’d shit out a superfluous supply of shit which would have the inclusion of Father Leon’s testicles and piss. Once he finished defecating, he repeated this process with the roles reverse until both had the opportunity to discharge.

“Marvelous, oh so marvelous; what a show you put on, father! The heavens and hells each found an insurmountable delight to what they witnessed,” cried John; his prick not showing a hint of seldom debilitation. I, whom was being reamed by two studs, frigged by a mistress, and flogged by a pig, glanced over to the relative clock on the wall to see the time as “three-o’-clock”. The four of us were saturated with an overwhelming amount of discharge; covered comprehensively in shit, piss, vomit, blood, and mucus; none of us could articulate a single word. The pigs continued flogging our asses with a cross whilst frigging the other until they discharged onto each of our buttocks; to which, none were omitted.

Our mouths foamed as if we were under a seizure; the studs and fathers mouth-fucked our frothy cavities and John reamed the pigs and mistresses whilst shouting blasphemous utterances. The fathers, both now up-and-about, expatiated over the last act of our ceremony as follows, “Thou it may seem our time has come to a lamentable close, we plan on concluding our lust for the day by assigning particular roles, to which correlate to our specific strengths. For the mistresses, you will frig the pricks of all four boys; from speculation, I’ve seen how exceptional you are at friggings; thus, I will instill that role upon you. For the studs, each of you is to, along with another, ream an ass of one of the boys. I only want two of you to do so; any more will be met with sixty genital floggings. For the pigs, you are to ceaselessly shock the testicles of the boys; not once holding any form of reluctance. For us, we will shit, piss, and spit upon your buttocks; for the boy with the most sumptuous ass will have our attention more. John, you can flog the boys’ buttocks with a wooden cross until each of their asses are as lustrous as wine. We are not to finish until we have finished our discharges!”

Hours-upon-hours were dedicated to this; neither one of the scoundrels recessed their doings. The ceremony, protracted tremendously to where all were left diluted, never impeded until each stud, mistress, pig, and father was able to discharge; we were to pamper them like spoiled children and not once repose in our debaucheries. The studs, to whom were assigned to my ass, seemed to greatly admire it; each reaming until their pricks could be visible from my stomach. Father Neil shitted approximately 10 times on my ass, pissed four times, and spat all around it until my ass was coated in his saliva. Father Leon seemed noticeably distracted by Oliver’s scabbed ass; he treated himself greatly to the delicacy. Two hags frigged my prick; each of whom was horrendously obese, coarse to where their cunts had nothing but scabs present around them, skin

so lax you could roll it into dough, and piercings painting the entire body; not a single spot unfettered from the metallic, corroded piercings. Both were hideous and accursed with unbound asses from their former fuckers; their asses so loose that they converged into the shape of an egg. The two, whom were indulging in my prick, were Mistress Alexandria and Mistress Vay. The former, on several occasions, found herself fucking stray dogs, puking into the mouths of stray cats, and obsessively dismembering the stray's torsos and filling her cunt with their entrails. She, most notably, found a gaunt-looking puppy on the side of the road, whom seemed to have been left there by their careless owner. Without any reluctance, she walked to the dog, pounded its head to the ground five times; each of the pounds progressing in their magnitude, fucked the mangled puppy with a strap-on, and forced every last bit of their entrails into her cunt. I could, very well, notice the hideous smell emitting from her cunt; even the mistress beside her did too.

The one after the former, Mistress Vay, reveled in waterboarding infants aged three months to ten months. The whore fucked every last man in her small town and waterboarded the infants she birthed; not once, did she show a drop of care in their fate. One time, she instructed a man, whom she fucked, to waterboard their infant as she frigged her cunt until discharge. Following this, she killed the man, raped his corpse, waterboarded his corpse and frigged her cunt and discharged upon him, and stole all of his assets; this made the whore able to pursue and satisfy every last desire she had. She became something of a 'spoiled brat' due to this.

I discharged just then; conveniently, into Mistress Alexandria's disastrous cunt. "Oh, my mistress, I apologize for such indecency. If you must, please punish me through whatever means you see fit," I said profusely. Mistress Alexandria, smirking with delight I've never witnessed in a woman before, said seductively, "If you feel that way, then I can, most certainly, punish you. My idea would be for you to eat out my cunt; the entrails of those doggies are still in my cunt so I guarantee you will find luxurious pleasure in my ratty cunt even more!" "Oh, yes mistress, most definitely I would. Nothing would ever hold me back; no person, no book, and no entity in this abominable realm could hold such power against my appetite," I cried fervently.

The others agreed to warrant this; the pig, two studs, and Father Neil both frigged themselves profusely to what I was undergoing with the mistress. I made no effort to forget to show my dignity with pride greater than any animal's on Earth; I licked every last crevice meticulously, devoured all of the entrails, and guzzled every last drop of pus emanating from her warts. I vomited twice into her cunt, to which I was subjugated to fifty floggings with a cross by Father Neil and twenty genital floggings by Mistress Vay; in addition, I had to clean off every last bit of my heave until her cunt was in pristine condition.

"Ok, our ceremony for the day has concluded, boys! Please clean yourselves off and head to your rooms," said the autocratic voice of John. The room froze as if something unexplained occurred momentarily in our environment. The studs gave groans, the mistresses said nothing, and the pigs and fathers looked averse to John's statement; Father Leon protested saying, "Why must we end our sport now? We can very well continue on until the sun rises ten times! My libido is in, no way, going to cease functioning until it is fed its necessary lust." Accordingly, Lenard expressed similar opposition saying, "Why the hell must it end now when I've just begun?" Soon, the others joined in,

expressing similar resentment. John seemed to, gradually, cower away as if he was afraid of what they'd do to him; it was quite palpable to him that he was significantly outnumbered.

A door, located at the end of the room that connects to the main hallway, abruptly widened revealing a tall, silhouette in a lab coat. The silhouette made us aware of its presence by shouting, “Hey, what’s the matter here?” The voice was familiar to me and the others; we knew adequately of the voice—it was Dr. Vard Berno’s voice. My hypothesis was, accordingly, proven correct once the silhouette walked out of the shadows and unveiled itself to be Dr. Berno. He seemed peculiarly rhapsodic like a mourner, ardent as a child, and incredibly immaculate to where his entire being was translucent in its facade. Not once, did Dr. Berno show the slightest bit of acrimony; he was strikingly buoyant for the dilemma transpiring in the room.

“I apologize for my intrusion on your current affairs but I just had to see what was making the entire hallway intensify in an intense reverb,” Dr. Berno said contritely, “anyways, as per the rules, it’s lights out for the boys so, like John said, the boys must be sent to their rooms; I know you want to extend your debaucheries but, as the head of this facility and a man of adhering to decrees, I mandate the four boys to be sent to their rooms with the lights out in ten minutes; I want the studs and mistresses to head back to their respective quarters; For John, the pigs, and the fathers, I want to have a word with the seven of you in my office. If such an occurrence happens again, I will see fit to it that all of you, including the abiders, are punished in a respective sense. Now, do all of you understand that?” “Yes sir,” we said simultaneously.

The four of us walked to our rooms and not long after, the four of us slept like dogs; not once, opening our eyes again for the rest of the night. Before long, we were snoring and, unlike our previous times, didn’t indulge in further sexual activity.

As the four were sleeping, Dr. Berno, along with his disciples, walked to his office to deliberate over their next course of action. While walking, Dr. Berno began speaking to them saying, “I must say, you seven did an outstanding job today but please try not to get into a quarrel again.” “We understand sir, we won’t do that again,” the seven said in unison. The remainder of their walk was silent; neither one speaking to the other as if they were walking to the gallows. The hallway was blank, all-white with doors boarded up, paintings depicting sexual acts ranging from sadomasochism to exhibitionism; the hallway was lit brightly and the corridor was as long as a labyrinth.

The eight arrived at Dr. Berno’s office which had a yellow-goldish carpet painted with snake-like patterns all around it; bared gold-painted walls and ceilings; held an oval-shaped desk with papers scattered haphazardly all around it; a bookcase stood relative to his desk but not too close that guests couldn’t sit on the opposite side of his desk; and he had paintings depicting pentagrams, sadism, submission, and fascism that each had an odd fixation on authority. On his desk was a collection of approximately ten monitors each displaying the security camera feeds colored in light-blue and gray; on the monitors was the presence of, what was presumably Dr. Berno’s discharge. The seven others sat facing his table as Berno twiddled his thumbs on his desk pondering what to say to them.

“So, what is the status of the boys at the moment,” he said. “Well, from the observations of them, it seems they are doing just fine,” John said actively while giving an enormous smile to Dr. Berno. A strong smacking to John's face from Dr. Berno occurred turning John as red as an apple from embarrassment. Dr. Berno, furiously said, “Don’t give me that bullshit John. I had it up to here with your blatant sarcasm. Now, tell me how they are at the moment without bullshitting me!” John responded, “Oh, I apologize for my manners. Well, James seems to be doing wonderful, like always. Oliver seems to be getting worse by the day, Mason is alright, and Mark is starting to see a drop in his usual performance. That’s all that I’ve gathered for today.” Dr. Berno began contemplating of what John said. The room stood silent and eyes were focused on Dr. Berno; he was able to speak once more saying, “It seems we can discard one of them right now. Why have a useless tool in the first place? I doubted Oliver greatly so I, sort of, expected this to happen. Good thing I have the perfect plot for this situation; for this to work, we need to include the three others to help dispose of him. For John, you can help lure out Oliver and inform the other boys in the morning. For the pigs, just do your daily activities with the three boys. For the fathers, I want you to set up a ceremony, preferably a church-like setting, which will be the boy’s last activity of the day when they finish their other activities with the pigs. They will be expected to perform debaucheries whilst Oliver’s funeral commences. I want Father Leon to be the one reading aloud during the funeral; Father Neil, you can indulge alongside the others. If you are in agreement, say ye; if not, say nay.” The men shouted ye without a second thought; Dr. Berno, taking it as a yes, told the men, “Ok, the meeting is now over; I appreciate your time once again!”

Once the seven stepped out of their seats and were walking out of their seats, Dr. Berno stopped John by the door asking him, “Hey wait, John. Before you go, I want you to procure three transgender individuals; it doesn’t matter where they fall under, just do it because we will need them for tomorrow’s activity.” John, groaning softly, said, “Ok fine, I will go do so.” “Thanks, have a good one,” Dr. Berno said just before shutting the door behind John.

CHAPTER V

We rose precisely at seven-o'-clock sharp; not even a minute off. Each of our doors was open slightly to make present of the activities for the day. John walked into the rooms announcing the arrival of our guests; to whom, were procured by him during the night. "Boys, I introduce to you, two new members of the group—Veronica and Rick; each of these members are transgenders with the former transitioning from male to female and the latter transitioning from female to male. I specifically procured these two for their impressive records of vice; they will be actively participating in our enterprises for today, so please show your utmost respect to them," John said; "Yes sir," we shouted in response.

Veronica stood tall at approximately 6'3; not one of her eyes left their post of focusing on the four of us. Her cunt, far disgusting than any I've glimpsed at previously, had scabs the size of rats, torn off flesh all around the crevices, warts in numbers I couldn't comprehend, and had the presence of worms, maggots, insects, and parasites in her cunt, to which, made me almost heave from the mere sight. Not once, has she been ethical, moral, nor empathetic in her life; she has used people to her advantage and, not once, has she failed in her endeavors. She was the daughter, formerly the son, of a wealthy business magnate; a man whom could indulge himself in fifty, sublime prostitutes if he pleased. He found pious joy in exploiting the land, procuring sex slaves to indulge himself greatly in, and ream his son every night. The stamina of the man was incomparable to just about any libertine I've ever encountered.

Her mother, a prostitute and unsuccessful abortion, loiters around the house every day seeking any pleasure he can obtain with her husband's wealth. For the whore she is, never once has she fucked her husband; instead, her husband was occupying himself with their son. Thus, her mother decided upon hiring male prostitutes with her husband's wealth; each of these prostitutes well-mannered and refined, and carried substantial pricks. Subsequently, for these indulgences, she began to highly despise her husband; only needing him for his wealth. Thus, she decided to use her son in her plans to murder her husband, as to abstract his assets and use them for her extravagances.

Veronica spent twenty years in prison for her mother's bidding; her mother fucked as many men as she could obtain with her new wealth. The whore, however, ended up on the streets; fucking stray dogs and being beaten to death by a group of thugs whom raped her dead corpse. The bitch was useless; pitiful and pathetic with no form of self-control in her amenities.

Veronica left the prison with her ass widened twice her original size, covered in scales of semen, and, rather than a prick, now had a cunt and referred to himself as a woman. She made a living as a member of an elite child trafficking group; going as far as to do as much as she could to rise the ranks. One opportunistic bitch, she was; neither did she care for others, no time was reserved for that. Children, aged 4-11, were trafficked, fucked and raped, and murdered by her. The things she did with the children included—waterboarding, reaming, frigging, inserting rodents up their pricks and cunts, lighting their pricks and cunts on fire, pissing and shitting upon them, flogging their buttocks for approximately fifty times daily, forcing the entrails of their pets into their asses

and cunts, and forcing them to dig their graves as she would frig her cunt and discharge upon them once they finished; they would be thrown into their graves, raped by three primates, and left to be buried alive as an extremely deprived man would be imprisoned with a child, to which, he'd rape until their death.

John found her on the street waiting for children. He found the woman intriguing after initiating a conversation with her; this resulted in him suggesting for her to participate in debaucheries with a group of children he trapped in a mental facility. Veronica found the idea to be quite entertaining; thus, she wholly acceded to John's request.

The other stood average in his stature; teeth sterile as bleach and had no hint of ratty tendencies, regarding his physical appearance. Although, his eyes were austere and somber; apathetic to where nothing could phase him; the man was soldier-like in a sense. His family abandoned him on the streets; his mother and father pursuing lustful vice rather than have the responsibility to nurture a child. They thought it was such a preposterous thing to attend themselves to; it would render any chances they'd have of indulging in anything great; thus, they left the child on the street to be raped daily by the bums occupying the streets, spat upon by the wealthy individuals walking past the disgrace, and unnoticed by law enforcement as they reamed and flogged the infant; not once, did they miss a day of doing this.

Rick, formerly an unnamed girl, grew up to be miserable, pessimistic, and choleric to where a fly could, effortlessly, induce her into a state of fury and terrifying rage; her destructive tendencies not once resting in their tenaciousness. No one to go to, the girl wandered the streets naively asking the others to allow her to perform favors for them in return for housing; not once, did these individuals give her a sign of compassion or empathy; rather, they found prodigious contentment in exploiting the girl into satisfying their every whim. Once, the girl found herself without a place to sleep; she scoured the streets asking any man or woman she could find if she could temporarily stay at their place. To no avail, she sat on a lump of trash pondering her next course of action. A man, whom frequented the trash lump in search of food, became acquainted with the young girl, even offering her a stay at his place. She began to think this man was the first person whom showed her any kind of love in her life; nonetheless, she accepted the man's offer and was supplied with food that could keep a man alive for centuries.

She slept on another bed, formerly the man's wife's bed, to which smelt horrendous, yet she was grateful to have a place to sleep, so she gave no hassle. The man, indigent of any sensuality, took it upon himself to frig the girl's cunt, ream her ass, and discharge into her mouth as she slept. Days-upon-days, he did this with the little girl, even going as far to flog her cunt with a whip topped in fire; he also instructed her to fart in his mouth, piss into his mouth, and rip off his ear, to which, he'd force into her cunt.

The man kicked the young girl out after becoming tired of her company. At this time, she was in her early teens; still not having any connections nor people that could aid her situation. She slept on the streets, was raped by men of all kinds, and never once, was she given her much needed liberation from this torment. Thus, she prostituted herself out to these scoundrels; sucking their

pricks dry, letting them fuck her cunt with force of a bull, and allowing them to piss, shit, and vomit on her frequently as they shouted the most vulgar utterances known to man.

She found herself in love with a wealthy banker; whom found the girl on the street when she was aged 16. The banker, with his lavish indulgences, scoured the town in looks of a budding, innocuous girl to please him greatly; the banker, conveniently, found the girl wandering the streets on autopilot and pronounced his feelings for the girl. “Oh, my lady, must I say your cunt is of grand enticement and the other features of your body, additionally, erect any man’s prick from miles away,” the banker said profusely, “would you mind if I allowed you to live at my estate in return for you to satisfy my pleasures?” The girl, without a second thought, agreed to his offer; she looked at it as an opportunity to improve her life; the man, was, without a doubt, her one and only savior.

For the period of ten years, the banker and her engaged in debaucheries spanning from raping infants, fucking stray animals, frigging themselves to the fuckings, and fucking the other during a church service to over stuffing the other with food until they vomit into the other’s mouth and ripping the tongues off of infants and discharging into their mouths. She was compensated respectively for her efforts; the banker adored them greatly. Once the ten years ended, the banker left the girl with a prick, rather than a cunt, and referred to the girl, now a man, as “Rick”; he left Rick with enough money to satisfy his every whim for hundreds of years and instructed him to keep silent of their lechery

John found him walking the streets with a boy, aged 15, on a leech whom only had on his underwear. John was intrigued by the man; thus, he procured him to participate in the ceremonies to come. Rick agreed blithely, even offering John an opportunity to fuck his slave, to which, John fucked for the duration of two hours and discharged into the slave’s ass; now entrenched with semen as thick as snow.

The two acquainted themselves with the four of us; we were both dismayed and charmed by their wickedness. Oddly enough, their depravities induced further pleasure; each of us acquiring stiff erections as a result. “For today, the tenants, coupled with the pigs, are to lead the ceremony as I attend personal business with Dr. Berno; I expect each of you to be on your best behaviors. If I hear a word of disobedience, I will make sure to punish you once I get back,” John said while packing a suitcase. “Yes sir,” we said in unison; John left us with the two.

“For the first activity of today, the two of us will ream each of your asses, flog your buttocks, and frig your pricks until they are dry as a raisin. Following, you will be expected to do the same with us; two each assigned to either me or the other,” Rick said passionately, “if our genitals are not as dried as yours’, then you will be punished with fifty floggings to your buttocks and genitals.” A caprice was noticeable in Rick once he continued with his speech; he greatly emphasized the latter part over the former.

The sequence of the proceedings went, precisely, as follows—I was the first to be reamed, by Rick, whose prick had not one spot of no veins on it; Mark was flogged by Veronica; subsequently, his ass was capped in sores and purple blights to where not a single occupation of pink lusciousness was in existence. Following this, I was flogged by Veronica; the whore, not once, deterring until my ass was contorted to mush. Mason was frigged and reamed by Rick whilst Oliver

was instructed to swallow the discharge that erupted from Mason's prick. Directly after Mason's discharge, the shifts rotated to where Rick reamed Oliver's taut ass and Veronica frigged the prick of Mark; his prick positioned towards a cross, to which, he would discharge upon. Coming last, my prick was flogged and frigged by Rick whilst Veronica flogged Oliver's ass an everlasting number of times until bone could be detected spilling onto the floor.

"Delightful, oh so delightful! You did a phenomenal effort; both of us are proud of the four of you for that. Thus, our coterminous activity shall commence," Veronica clamored superlatively. Thereupon her words, six silhouettes walked into the room; once the sun reflected on them, they divulged themselves as six hags. The hags each carried an ass ravaged in shit; the likes, of which, no one has ever seen before. Our mouths swirled in heave after seeing their hideous buttocks; not one of them had any care in the world to clean down there. The hags were all highly corpulent, reeked of an odor that could be best described as a mixture of feces, piss, and squalor; they had breasts pendulous to their knees, and all had buttocks, to which, were worn-out beyond recognition.

"The ceremony with these hags is to clean each of their buttocks until not a single specimen of shit is in their assholes; the two of us will participate along with the four of you," Rick proclaimed. The hags, all nude, stood adjacent to the couches and stretched their buttocks to allow our entry. Already, the stench was foul enough to repel the six of us, but we endured it; neither one of us resisting our efforts. Like a madman, I licked off shit from the deepest crevices of her ass to her ass cheeks; the others, emulating the same behavior. We were savages wrenching every last crust of shit into our mouths; ultimately, heaving in their buttocks approximately ten times by the time we each finished.

Following this, Rick instructed the next proceedings as follows—"In the conclusion of this activity, we shall allow the hags to, each, chronicle their vices until we are satisfied enough." Therefrom, we sat on the floor allowing the hags to sit comfortably on each of the couches to tell of their debaucheries.

The first hag, named Gina, was the first to start. A gluttonous pig since birth, she found delight in stuffing herself with anything she could get her hands on, whether that be copious amounts of greasy foods to human entrails. She seemed to prefer the latter over the former. It began once her appetite kept her from going outside, doing something with her life, and seeking friendships. Her parents, whom were invariably on copious amounts of hardcore narcotics, never once showed a form of nourishment to their two daughters. At the time, the hag was in her early teens and her sister was around the age of 10. Gina was ravenous greatly; she looked upon her sister as a source of food. Thus, one late night, she lured the unsuspecting, bubbly girl into her room, strangled her with a shoelace, and began feasting on her corpse—starting from the feet to the head. It took the entire night to complete the eating of her sister; never once, was she punished for this as her parents had no touch with reality in the least bit. The hag's parents found their narcotics to be their only source of life.

Did she stop there? Of course not; she found her sister to only be a catalyst to her ventures. A few years succeeding her feast with her sister, she wandered the park bored as ever. Nobody liked her; she was a freak, disgusting, and glutinous as any woman could ever be. For all others, she was

nothing to them other than a peculiarity. The park was her only safe haven; a place where she found her much needed mindfulness. One day, however, the park seemed to be commencing a grand ceremony of some kind; she could hear passionate moans, kisses, and noises that rattled the ground. Upon closer inspection, she was able to make out the occupation of two boys, one aged 14 and the other aged 16, fucking each other on the park bench. The younger one was sucking the older one's prick; flushing was present around the younger one's face.

The hag was starving and desired, to a great extent, another feast. Thus, she crept slowly to the bench. Fortunately, the hag was hefty, strongly built, and towered over everyone; thus, it would make her job easier, in regards to feasting upon her prey. The two boys were as gaunt as skeletons and stood no chance against the beast. The two focused their being on the other which allowed the hag to quickly sprint to the boys and tackling both effortlessly. They cried, shouted, and clamored with shrieks that pierced her eyes, but, even so, she was able to endure this and feast on her prey with ease. The pricks of the two had a salty, syrupy taste to them; a taste she soon developed a fixation on.

The hag found herself tearing off the pricks of unsuspecting little boys, devouring them completely, and expanding upon her rations greatly; her appetite never ceased even to this very day. She could eat fifty a day and not be satisfied fully; hence, she preferred to keep it in the ranges of eighty to ninety a day.

The next hag, Merisa, was the following to speak of her debaucheries. She had both legs amputated, had an arm blighted with scabs, scars, and mangled flesh; not once has she cared to brush her teeth, bathe herself, nor mask her flatulence. She could rip one in a single room for hours on end; the gas would make all in the room faint from its odor. Obsessed with removing her bodily limbs, she amputated both legs and indulged in copious amounts of heroin on a daily basis until her energy was fully depleted.

Most notably, she kidnapped a boy, aged 16, and forced him to amputate his legs and arms whilst she frigs his prick; he was only able to stop amputating his limbs after he discharged upon her breasts. Another time, she forced a man to amputate her leg as he frigs himself and reams her ass; the man was also to flog her ass exactly 200 times and stick her amputated leg into his ass. The man's colon ruptured as a result and Merisa reamed the man with a strap-on until he was able to discharge.

Lisa, the following, told her vices. Not once, has she ever attended a church service without her cunt being frigged by herself or another man, licked by a young boy or girl, or frigged with a cross. During commune, she would procure a boy to lick her cunt, instruct a man to flog her ass with a cross, and swallow the vomit of a nearby crone; in addition, once the service concluded, she would allow the minister to flog her ass, pour holy water into her cunt, and, along with him, rape all the newly born infants and sick children housed in the church.

Along with the head minister, they procured six boys, aged 7-14, whom were subjected to reamings, friggings, floggings, waterboardings, shit eatings, and piss drinkings on a consecutive basis. After every service, the two would fuck the boys, whom became gaunt after a few days of no food, and would fuck them for hours on end; not once, ceasing their deeds until the skeletons were

capped with their discharge.

The next to speak, Barbara, had no presence of ethics in her. She was as abominable as any woman could get; so god damn gut-wrenching that even the most wanton individual would avert. The harlot used men for her own gain—going as far as to framing approximately ten men of rape and taking every last bit of their assets. She was bratty, spoiled, and superbly rotten to where even a child wouldn't emulate. She learned from the best, consequently, for being a daddy's girl; her dad was a prominent financier whom procured his sublime wealth from the exploitation of others, namely, young girls. The scoundrel would lure young girls to his home, feed them excessively to gain their trust, and fuck their eye sockets until his prick was able to enter their skulls, to which, he would discharge in; he preferred girls aged 2 to 6. Following this, he would bid them to other men, whom sought the same debaucheries, and, on occasion, would join alongside him; sometimes, up to 18 men would rape the young girls. He extracted enormous riches from his deeds and garnered prolific connections with some of the most influential men in the world.

Her narcissism, rottenness, and, overall, harlot tendencies are a direct result of her father, whom pampered her greatly with gifts and anything she wanted. She was highly spoiled, rotten to the core, and psychotic; not once, has she shown care to anyone or the world other than what pleasures she desires. Her father, for her 16th birthday, procured five men defined by their enormous pricks. Along with the men, her father subjected her to reamings, friggings, and floggings until her cunt dripped blood profusely; not once, did he and the men stop. He imprisoned her in the basement for the span of two weeks and, with the men, he would perform debaucheries such as—fucking infants in front of her, forcing her to eat the dismembered pricks and cunts of those infants, forcing her to eat the infants' corpses, waterboarding her 80 times a day, forcing rodents in her cunt and insects in her eyes; lastly, the rascals would procure 30 puppies, stomp on them until they were mangled beyond recognition, and then force her to devour their corpses whilst they'd stick their entrails into her ass, cunt, ears, and eyes. They did this with her and the puppies exactly 20 times a day, not missing a mark on their routine.

The second-to-last, Linda, told of her vices which consisted of the following—forcing rats into infants' cunts; pouring hydrochloric acid onto men's pricks, whom consisted mostly of businessmen having nothing other to do than to indulge in the most perverse acts known to man; frigging the pricks of young boys during Sunday church service; spitting, vomiting, pissing, shitting, and fucking the person, whom she murdered, during their funeral and shitting on their epitaph approximately six times a day; force-feeding infants and swallowing their vomit; forcing infants into an oven whilst a man, whom she hires, frigs himself to what she does and discharges inside of the oven and eating the roasted infant covered in the man's discharge; hiring a man to choke an infant as she frigs her cunt and discharges once the infant is deceased from the strangulation; and, lastly, forcing deadly diseases into infants whilst reaming them with a strap-on and swallowing their foam and vomit emitting from their mouths.

The last of the hags, Wilma, is an outstanding, excellent nurse with a record of saving the lives of many children. To many, she is seen as an inspiration and hope for humanity; not once, has she given up on her quest of espousing her virtuous character. However, Wilma finds virtue as

ludicrous as any other imprudent would. Her image, which is highlighted in a virtuous perspective, is not what her true character is; she uses that image of her to climb the hierarchy and further her opportunistic wishes. She can do what she wants, act how she wants, and have connections with anyone she so pleases due to her virtuous image that shows no resemblance of vice whatsoever.

She spends hours-upon-hours, when the hospital is closed, fucking the newly born infants, strangling cancer patients, swallowing the vomit of sick patients, and contaminating the patients' food, medicine, and personal belongings with her discharge, piss, and shit; not once, has she been persecuted for this.

However, one man became suspicious of her deeds and attempted to end her venture. The man, finding piss and shit in his food, notified the staff immediately of this. Wilma became greatly distressed of this and formulated a brilliant idea as to silence this heathen. "Ah, the most ideal thing to do is to murder this pig, spit upon his useless corpse, and shit upon his possessions for what he is causing," Wilma thought to herself. Thus, she arrived in the man's room, locked the door, and murdered the man by slicing his throat with a nearby scalpel. Following this, she pissed and shitted in the wound on his throat, spit all upon his corpse, and shitted accordingly on his belongings whilst throwing them out the window. Never once, was she suspected in the least bit and a man, whom already had a poor track record in the hospital for his asperity towards other patients, was convicted of foul play and was, without a trial, sentenced to execution. Due to her abundant connections, she was allowed to frig her cunt to the man's demise and discharged just as he, when he was hung, stopped breathing.

Each hag finished their story with all of us captivated by their tales. Never in my life, have I heard such beauty uttered; my prick, correspondingly, stood fully erect from the beauty of their vices. The door, across the hallway opened, revealing the figure of John; he hand-signaled the six of us as if he had something urgent to inform us about.

"Sorry for the inconvenience, but I need James, Mark, and Mason to follow me to the activity room; I just need to tell them a few things and then we'll be out shortly. Is that ok with you guys," John said sincerely. "Oh, no worries, we can certainly do that," the four of us said instantaneously. John smiled profusely and walked us to the activity room as Oliver, the two guests, and six hags stood in the main room waiting for us to come back.

John scratched his head for the entirety of the walk and, not once, spoke to us until we were in the activity room and the door was fully shut behind us. "Boys, I had to tell you something here because it wouldn't be best if Oliver was here to auscultate what I have to say," John said noticeably sedated. The three of us looked at the other with a puzzled face wondering what John had to tell us; was it our performance, something about Oliver, or worse?

"Due to Oliver's incompetence, from which the other staff and I thoroughly observed, we plan on disposing of him as he is not useful to our plans any-longer. However, the four of you have shown considerable potential, thus, we are allowing you to continue your stay. Now, I want the three of you to participate in his murder and attend a funeral that will be held here. During it, we are giving you full access to do whatever you want under the guidelines that you successfully murder your fellow peer. Does that sound like a good deal," John said businesslike. Once more, we

looked at the other in shock, deliberation, and solemn. We pondered of the times of how Oliver had no useful assets other than his tight ass, profound suction capabilities, and whimsical personality that stood foil to our captors'. But even so, he provided no pleasure and relief to us other than emotionally, to which, we considered meaningless; our emotions hold nothing and only our pleasure does. Therefore, without another thought, the three of us told John, "Yes, we will be willing to do that!" John grimaced lavishly to where his caprice was greater than our own.

CHAPTER VI

The rest of our day continued along usually; nothing transpiring in any way. We were expectant of Oliver's demise during the evening hours to where the sun began painting the sky orange, to which, the rooms were painted the same. The four of us were flogged, reamed, and frigged by the pigs and two transgenders; not once, were our activities ceased until precisely six-o'-clock sharp, presumably to begin our grand ceremony of the day.

We were led to the activity room which was in preparation for the ceremony—two tables with three chairs on each with a cross positioned to the center of the farthest wall from us; the space occupied with red lights emitting from every direction; tools of all different kinds, spanning from weaponry, hammers, crowbars, drills, tweezers, and scalpels to whips, handcuffs, and tape, were scattered in the far-right corner of the room; and two doctors sitting at the table adjacent to the tools, each of whom, not once, blinked an eye.

"My boys—James, Mark, and Mason—please sit at the table opposite of the one the two doctors are occupying," John said. We nodded our heads, walked to the table, and then sat as we awaited what would come next. Oliver seemed leery of what was happening at the moment; looking just as flabbergasted as an innocent child would. In a sense, it was dismal how he had to end up in this dilemma whilst I and the rest have the opportunity to abet in his necrosis.

The other two and I conducted ourselves under the guise of safeguarding our spunk up to the commencing of the ceremony. Our pricks stood erect and not one of us had no visible measures of pre-discharge emitting from our pricks; we all knew amply of rewarding ourselves when we are instructed.

Oliver's trousers were peeled from his body until he was as bare as a cracked nut. The two doctors, after beholding this, frigged themselves accordingly as did the two of us; Oliver flushed profusely following this. John, whom was bare to his feet, shrieked, "Oh my, what a wonderful sight to behold!" The first doctor, whom sat closest to the tools, grabbed himself a hammer, took Oliver by the hand from John, and restrained him to his table positioning the boy to where he could strike his head with the tool. Screams, more intense than an infant's, erupted from Oliver to where blood could be seen dripping out of our ears. The doctor's caprice was insurmountable following his victim's cries to where he couldn't help but mouth-fuck him, discharge into his mouth, and, to finish it off, smash Oliver's cranium approximately 10 times as the other doctor frigged himself and discharged into the crack caused by the hammer.

His screams relinquished and the doctor, whom hammered his head, seemed gratified and pacified after finishing his discharge. His prick was capped in Oliver's entrails, blood, and semen from the other doctor; his prick capped like the other's with the only difference being a more petite volume of entrails on him.

Sublime silence engulfed our environment greatly; seemingly hours of perpetual ambiance. It wasn't until moments later when Mark interrupted the silence saying, "I beg your pardon, but do you mind if I fuck the hole protruding from his cranium?" John responded, exclaiming, "Oh, of course, you can! Why would I deny such a request in the first place? Why not bring along the other

two in your quest and fuck the living hell out of his skull! Not once, feel any remorse of showcasing your vanity, pleasures, and imprudence!”

Mark’s appetite engulfed every last one of us—he pissed in Oliver’s skull, frigged the wound for approximately 10 minutes, and discharged once he pissed for the second time into the wound. During this, Mason sucked my prick whilst John reamed his ass and the two doctors flogged John’s ass with a steaming cross. We rotated accordingly once the front-man, whom would be fucking Oliver’s skull, would discharge. We finished off by forcing 2000 maggots into his head and repeating the same process of fucking his skull for a second time; this time around, fucking it simultaneously and then finishing once each of us has discharged.

CHAPTER VII

The feats, to which were accomplished exceptionally, not once could be outwitted by even the sickest monster imaginable. Nothing, to which I have experienced, has stood on higher or equivalent ground as what transpired during the funeral.

The company and I organized our proceedings to be ritualistic, thorough, and methodical to where each of us would be given the opportunity to experience every last debauchery anyone could conceive. Our site was to be in the activity room and, with the invitation of six other staff members, we were to indulge greatly in our everlasting passions. I was to be procured a male, whom was to have a prick twice my size and girth; a female, whom was to have a cunt capable of discharging perpetual densities of fluid; an infant boy, whom was to have a monstrous prick for his tender age; an infant girl, whom was to have a cunt that could leak as much as a pipe; a dog, whom was to be specifically male and preferably young; a priest, procured by the staff, whom was specifically defined by their particular vices; and a barbarian, whom was to be selected meticulously for their iniquities.

The six staff members—Ran, Henry, Paul, Zander, Felix, and Sandy—were the six chosen specifically for the proceedings. The three males—Max, Logan, and Thomas—were the males assigned to us. The three females—Samantha, Lira, and Ashley—were the females assigned to us. The three priests—Father Leon, Father Neil, and Father Bernard—were the priests assigned to us. Lastly, the three barbarians—Ang, Mar, and Wil—were the barbarians assigned to us. I was to be assigned to Ran and Henry, the staff members, Max, the male, Samantha, the female, Father Neil, the priest, and Mar, the barbarian. The other two were assigned to their respective fucker following mine.

Ran was tall and well-built in his stature to where even a giant like myself couldn't bring down. His stature aided him greatly in his ventures ranging from kidnapping pregnant prostitutes and eating their stillborn infants to restraining women onto a rope—each of their limbs would be tied by a rope, stretched to where their limbs would snap off with ease, and, following this, he would fuck himself with their dismembered limbs, force-fed his victims their dismembered limbs, and discharge into their mouths once they perished.

Henry stood up to Ran's shoulders and had curly, brownish hair; a fuzzy, light mustache; and ears, to which, had an insurmountable measure of ear wax, fungus, and rodents—he is partially deaf as a result. His prick is a laughable size of 3 inches in length and 2.6 inches in circumference, even at its fully erect state. Consequently, he remains significantly sterile in his vices that could put any person to sleep. At the age of 6, he fucked his mother and spent approximately 20 minutes sucking on her breasts until he was able to consume all of her breast-milk; at the age of 10, he fucked his brother through sucking his prick and reaming his ass, but he was unable to discharge—a droplet not even noticeable. His last activity is his unquenchable preference for malnourished boys, preferably age 6-10. He can't help but fuck the gaunt skeletons, to which, he'd discharge as much as a volcano in.

Paul was a midget in his stature—having attributes that made him look as if he couldn't hurt a fly. Men, whom think foolishly that Paul is a weak, puny man, are incredibly naive of the true nature of what this scoundrel holds. His preferences include such things as—fucking infants moments after their birth, cannibalizing their pricks and cunts, fucking dead animals on the street; in particular, he would enjoy fucking their eye-sockets and discharging into them; most of the sockets were filled with copious amounts of maggots, and, one of his most beloved debaucheries, locking children, aged 4-7, in a cage, to which, they would be starved to death whilst being reamed, flogged, and frigged by Paul. During their time in the cage, Paul would force rats into the subject's stomachs, imprison them with animals whom were never fed in weeks, and force his victims to kill themselves whilst he frigs himself and reams their buttocks.

Zander—a man so sumptuous that he could pamper himself with lavishes beyond man's imagination. He was in his 60s; notably short, balding, and diminutive with a prick greater than the prominence of his peers—standing 17 inches in length and 19 inches in circumference; the damn thing was a sight to behold. His vast wealth, monstrous prick, and undying libido makes him a fierce competitor and, in comparison to the others, he is one of the more eminent individuals.

His cachet correlates precisely to his tastes—ones that spam greater than his wealth could buy him. Thus, his parsimonious serves him greatly in acquiring and fulfilling his appetites ranging from accusing individuals of false crimes, attending their trials, and watching in unmitigated amusement of their caprice following their sentencing. The scoundrel couldn't help but frig himself around six times after the trial to the thought of those individuals spending the rest of their lives behind bars.

Felix was noteworthy for his age—only a year older than me. He stood as tall as Ran, had the habit of spitting on the ground for no apparent reason, and possessed an everlasting erection that stood 12 inches in length and 10 inches in circumference. Teeth marks were visibly present all around his prick, in addition, to copious amounts of shit, piss, semen, and fungus around his testicles. His conspicuous indulgences are—hiring a ten year old prostitute, preferably male, to force a hot iron onto his prick; trapping two brothers, aged 8 to 10, in a room with no windows, air, nor light, to which, he would force the two brothers to fuck the other and would only allow for their release after both discharged; upon their release, he would discharge on both of them; procuring ten hags, aged 60-80, to force him to lick their cunts, to which, would be filled to the brim with rodents, maggots, roaches, and wart; and, last but not least, hiring two male prostitutes, aged 15 years, and restraining then with chains inside a box—their heads were the only things visible—and decapitating their limbs starting from the feet to the head, mouthfucking each of their heads, and discharging into them.

Sandy, the last of the staff procured for this endeavor, was considerably attractive, clean, and young to where the veins of a man's prick could pop open just from the mere sight of her luscious elegance. Her breasts were enormous—they were as big as two coconuts stacked on-top of each other. I could see myself getting lost in those assets for hours-on-end; a man would happily endear himself for life to her if she would mother him excessively.

She was raised by only her mother, whom was an exceptional mentor to Sandy. One notable period was Sandy, at the age of 13, playing with her cunt in the bathroom and shouting blasphemous utterances. Her mother, formerly a devout Christian, noticed these utterances to a remarkable extent, to which, she frigged herself profusely to. Sandy periodically did this which resulted in her mother teaching her more ways of pleasure—such as pleasuring other men. Her mother brought a dildo, illustrated to her how to suck a prick, and, with some effort, got her daughter to successfully suck off the dildo with suction eclipsing her mother's.

Days-upon-days, her mother would teach her more things—sucking a prick, frigging a prick, flogging a man's genitals, and other such things. Regularly, her mother fucked her with immense passion and procured a variety of men to practice these acts on. Not once, did these men cease from seeking her services—she was able to drain a man's prick in a matter of seconds and, not a single one of them could last past five minutes. Her talent was greatly cultivated by her mentor and, through becoming more aware of this, she sought to pursue this any way she could.

Max, Logan, & Thomas, three brothers, are acquainted greatly with each other not only by blood but by their kindred tastes in debaucheries. Each has sucked and frigged the other's prick a bounteous amount of times and collectively reveled in all their libertine pursuits. The three are bound by their red hair; big, brown eyes; and long, lanky statures. None of them can be distinguished differently from the other in any general sense. The three's quests, ambiguous in their numbers, can be illustrated by using the few most notable ventures they've consummated such as—forcing a child, preferably age 14 boy, onto a boat with only two days worth of food and a camera, hidden in the boat's walls, that would monitor their behavior. The three rascals would kidnap a boy, tie him to the boat whilst he lay unconscious, and watch the boy's demise unfold as they frig themselves profusely. Additionally, they sought, a significant number of times, prostitutes to procure so they can drug them, tie them with a rope in a forest, and place cameras around a forest, which would, in reality, be a wealthy man's estate; following this, they would watch, through the cameras, of what occurs between the prostitutes, frig themselves to the events nonstop, and suck the other's prick all the while the prostitutes, in the end, die from starvation and dehydration—sometimes, having to eat the other to survive longer.

Samantha, Lire, & Ashley, three sisters whom are not related to the three brothers, had adamant appetites surpassing even the likes of my own. These harlots, not once, felt gratified even in some of the most pleasurable acts they seek. None, once in their lives, felt true contentment nor happiness; not that they are unhappy or anything, it's just due to their lack of control and impulsivity. These whores, not even in the least bit, have an ounce of self-concept in their pleasures and what is considered too excessive for them. Hence, they have appetites resembling wild animals that never cease to be quenched.

Father Bernard, an associate of the church along with Father Neil and Leon, has the personality of a grand leader—one that would make all bow in its presence. He towers above his other two fellow peers and, unlike the other scoundrels, has more diverse preferences in his incontinence. His inclinations are as follows—reaming infants and drowning them in holy water; whilst reading the bible outloud during his Sunday services, he would have an infant suck his prick

and, the particular infant, would be out of sight; procure five children whom would be tied with a rope to the ground, fucked consecutively for months on end, and, the ones whom were able to give birth, would be subjected to watching their infant expire as our hero fucks the infant until his discharge; setting up charities for sick people, to which, he would use the funds accumulated to fuel his debaucheries such as—procuring prostitutes to hot iron his prick, forcing little boys to flog his genitals in exchange for their compensation, and procuring pregnant women, approximately on their second trimester, to donate their fetuses by coercive abortion from our hero and, to our hero's pleasing, would fuck the infant and eat it entirely once he discharged into it; and, lastly, he would force ten girls, aged 10, to fart in his mouth whilst a rope, inserted into one of their cunts, was lit on fire to where after 10 minutes have passed, the fire would enter their cunts and, to his mirth, they would perish on the spot whilst crying in shear agony.

Ang, noteworthy for his hideous attire, stands in line with his other fellow barbarians as being defined by their particular hideousness—for Ang, in particular, his is the clothing, to which, he wears. Born into unfortunate circumstances, he was abused daily by his parents, whom, not long after his birth, died of drug overdose. For this reason, he had to be moved to an orphanage, to which, he would be subjected to frequent debaucheries in order to shape him into the combatant he is today. The most noteworthy thing about the orphanage was that it was devoutly religious—the idea of not obeying the masters was out of the question. The children and him were not allowed any free-range in their debaucheries; rather, they were expected to follow the strict guidelines imposed upon them by their masters.

The most notable debaucheries he was able to experience are as follows:

1. Procuring five prostitutes whom were to frig, ream, and flog each of them all day for 6 weeks straight. By the end, the children were expected to have their buttocks mangled beyond recognition, have their pricks disheveled, and have their buttocks filled completely with semen.

2. Acquiring 1000 maggots, to which, would be inserted into their assholes as another forces a 20 inch rod into each of their assholes and rips off their nipples with a plier.

3. Forcing the children to piss on a cross whilst one flogs them with the cross and another waterboards them in holy water, to which, they would discharge upon.

4. Crucifying each child, not to the point of death but to where they could bleed profusely. Their nipples and pricks were nailed to the crosses, buckets of shit and piss were poured on them, and the only things they were fed were entrails of animals, infants, and former prostitutes. The crucifixions ceased after a month.

5. Procuring 20 prostitutes whom would stomp on their genitals 40 times a day whilst a man, specifically in his 50s, would piss on the prostitute as another reams the man. A boy, aged 7, was then to fuck the man reaming the pisser until their discharges.

Mar, noteworthy for her hideous hygienic practices, not once in her life bothered to shower or brush her teeth. All of her teeth were missing and her body odor was abominable and, not once, did the scent letup. Her ass was worn-out beyond belief, her breasts were slack to where they reached her knees, and her cunt was a warzone of diseases and hell. She had a significant disdain for men—not allowing herself to be near a prick. Her fascination for cunts exceeds all the men present in the room. The harlot seemingly enjoys to collect dismembered cunts and eat them as if they were candy. They could either be infants or elders; she found delight in all cunts. Her appetite in cunts doesn't just extend to their taste when dismembered, but also cunts that are present with copious amounts of rodents, maggots, roaches, warts, and rashes; additionally, she greatly cherishes cunts capped in blood which usually results in her immediately discharging upon seeing the spectacle. Currently, she possesses a remarkable collection of 700 dismembered cunts ranging from infants to elders—the cunts displayed in her discharge. She derives further pleasure if the cunts are ravaged and revolting in their figure.

Wil, noteworthy for his hideous personality, has a cordial appearance and seemingly looks as if he is a well-off, refined man with sterile tastes; however, his appearance is quite deceiving. He has used this attribute of his greatly to get himself far in life, do what he wants, and exploit people for his own advantage. He owns an impressive wealth—acquired from an inheritance after the death of his father, whom was as much of a scoundrel as his own son. Wil's father obtained his wealth through embezzling funds from charities, participating in trafficking activities, and, at the request of his client, transform their son or daughter into a potent object for their pleasure. His clients usually ranged from prominent businessmen to politicians whom sought to make their children as debauched as possible.

Wil, with his fortune, has been able to experience the following acts:

1. Forcing his wife, whom would be pregnant, to witness him fucking a male prostitute, whom he procured. Following his discharge into the prostitute's ass, he would forcefully abort his wife's fetus, to which, he would fuck, flog, and then devour in front of his dismayed wife. Finishing this, he would discharge upon her in profound amounts. He found himself doing this ritual 50 times a month; not once, has his wife decided against this ceremony.

2. Procuring an infant, to which, he would restrain in his basement to a table, strip them of their attire, and subject them to the following—forcing them to fuck a puppy he procured, reaming the infant's ass whilst shouting blasphemous phrases, sucking the infant's prick, and sawing off every last limb of the infant. During this, he would record his proceedings, to which, he would frig himself to profusely following the ceremony.

3. Renting an expensive estate accompanied by cooks, maids, and servants to imprison six children —4 boys and 2 girls—whom would be chained to the basement that would resemble a medieval dungeon. The children would be flogged, reamed, frigged, and physically abused for six weeks until the scoundrel finished his debaucheries with hanging each child and discharging upon their hung corpses.

4. Procuring up to 20 infants that he would insert into a washing machine, frig himself once he started the washing machine, and discharged precisely the time each infant resembled nothing more than a mesh of blood and entrails.

5. Soliciting a group of wealthy, prominent libertines whom, along with him, would eat the dismembered throats of infants, fuck the corpses of infants, sending infants to a forest where they would be monitored and the scoundrels would then discharge once the infant died, and restraining a mother to a rope, to which, she would have to witness the scoundrels fucking and discharging into her child.

6. Engineering a device which would hold his prick by a rope and an anvil would be positioned in a way as to allow it to fall upon his head if he was to acquire an erection. During this, libertines would be procured to urge him to acquire an erection through any means necessary such as—fucking infants in front of him, forcefully aborting mothers and fucking their infants, and strangling infants whilst discharging upon them.

7. Routinely eating the pricks of boys aged 10-14 on Sunday afternoons, eating the cunts of infant girls on Monday mornings, drinking the piss of former prostitutes on Tuesday nights, drinking the discharge of libertines on Wednesday afternoons, eating the nipples of infant boys on Thursday mornings, eating the buttocks of boys aged 1-9 on Friday nights, and eating the entrails of pregnant women on Saturday mornings.

The company and I were accompanied by our respective fuckers—each having their trousers and dresses pulled down to their ankles. Our asses were in present, full-view of the spectators whom were to indulge greatly in this ceremony. Our signal, indicated by a snapping from John's fingers, was the catalyst to our grand quest. The recounting of our complete debaucheries are outlined as follows:

1. Ran and Henry were both positioned to ream my ass, Max was positioned—below Ran—to suck my prick, Samantha was positioned to flog my ass, Father Neil was positioned—adjacent to Max—to flog my genitals, Mar was positioned to piss in my mouth, the infant boy was positioned—below Mar—to consume her shit, and the infant girl was positioned—below my ass—to swallow the discharge that would drip from it.

2. Paul and Zander were both positioned to flog Mark's ass, Logan was positioned to mouth-fuck Mark, Lira was positioned—below Paul and Zander—to suck Mark's prick, Father Leon was positioned to ream Mark's ass, Wil was positioned to heave into Mark's mouth, the infant boy was positioned—next to Paul and Zander—to lick all the shit off of Mark's ass, and the infant girl was positioned to eat up all the heave that fell on the floor.

3. Felix and Sandy were both positioned to piss and shit into Mason's mouth—Felix shat and Sandy pissed, Thomas was positioned to ream Mason's ass, Ashley was positioned—below Thomas—to give Mason a rimjob, Father Bernard was positioned—below Thomas—to suck Mason's prick, Ang was positioned to mouth-fuck Mason, the infant boy was positioned—next to Ang—to heave into Mason's mouth, and the infant girl was positioned—next to Father Bernard—to devour his shit.

4. John took turns fucking the doctors in the room whilst also shitting into our mouths, ripping out our teeth, and forcing our teeth into our pricks.

5. Each of us shouted blasphemous utterances whilst we were fucked by the fuckers.

6. In 10 minute intervals, our fuckers switched their shifts as follows—the reamers switched with the suckers, the floggers switched with the mouth-fuckers, the pissers were to switch with the shitters, and the heavers were to switch with the eaters.

7. John, accordingly, rotated with his fuckers as follows—the sucker switched with the reamer, the flogger switched with the shitter, and the pisser switched with the eater.

8. Rick and Veronica, the two transgenders, were allowed to attend after the second rotation of our ceremony. Rick proceeded to heave in our mouths and ream our buttocks with the reamers as Veronica pissed on our buttocks and discharged into our eyes.

9. The infants were strangled by the three of us, to which, we discharged substantial volumes after witnessing their faces turning purple. Their cries intensified our orgasms to new heights.

10. Our pricks were stuffed with maggots until the heads of our pricks began to diverge slightly due to the excessive amounts of maggots crawling in our pricks.

11. Cockroaches and rats were inserted into our throats, spiders were inserted into our ears, and each of us was injected a highly potent amount of heroin; additionally, Rick and Veronica fucked each of our eyelids during this.

12. Each of our throats was slit open slightly, to which, was to be fucked by one of the barbarians and then discharged into. Following their discharges, maggots and roaches were forced into the wounds and, once all specimen were forced into the wounds, our throats would be stitched back up to prevent further bleeding.

13. After the tenth rotation, all the men proceeded to ream our asses whilst the women piss and shit into our mouths. Following this, the women would force their feet into our mouths which were moldy in texture and foul in their odor.

14. The men, once finishing their discharges into our buttocks, inserted their feet into our assholes and forced each of us to lick their feet as punishment if any one of us was to discharge. Mason, unfortunately, did so which resulted in him having to lick the feet of each man until their soles were pristine.

15. Following the 12th rotation, the entrails of infants were shoved in our buttocks as one of the women flogs our buttocks with a cross and a man spit consecutively into our mouths. John, Rick, and Veronica then farted and pissed into our mouths until they each discharged.

16. A dildo was inserted into the holes of our pricks—the dildo approximately 20 inches in length and 17.8 inches in circumference. The rascals were so vigorous with the dildos that it resulted in each of our pricks, just barely, splitting into halves.

17. Once the 20th rotation was completed, we were taken to a different room that was adjacent to the activity room—this room was set up in a way that it closely resembled a classroom. Each of us was seated in a desk with the scoundrels up front with the presence of paddles around the room. We were, for hours, subjected to a monotonous lecture, not allowed to slouch even by an inch, and we were to have perpetual smiles on our faces until the lecture ceased. If we broke any of these things, the person responsible would be subjected to ten paddles the first time with their next offense being multiplied twice. By the end, I was subjected to a total of 800 floggings, Mark was subjected to 780, and Mason was subjected to 785.

18. Once the lecture finished, we were to remain seated until all the scoundrels were given the opportunity to discharge upon our faces. Our posture and smile was to be maintained as before until they completed their discharges.

19. Our asses were then burnt by the fuckers, to which, the flame would only die out by their discharges. During this, they reamed and flogged our buttocks as John, Veronica, and Rick shouted blasphemous phrases whilst frigging the other.

20. To finish off the debaucheries, each of us was subjected to having all of our teeth hammered by the staff. Our tongues were also torn off by using pliers. Following this, the fuckers discharged into our mouths and stuck half of our teeth into our buttocks and the other half into their mouths to devour entirely. This ceased once each fucker was able to discharge.

CHAPTER VIII

The four of us slept on the ground once the debaucheries ended. Before long, each of us was awoken by a splash of water startling us more than ever. We rubbed our eyes and noticed John with a new face—the face had the appearance of a tall man resembling Dr. Berno. My conjecture was proven right once the silhouette spoke saying, "Good morning boys, how was your rest?" The voice seemed warm, almost father-like in tone; due to this, we presumed the voice to be Dr. Berno's. Dr. Berno was accompanied by John, the priests, the four pigs, and fuckers whom were dressed in highly conservative attire—neither one of them showing an ounce of skin. It seemed they were in preparation for a formality that they were to attend to. "I do apologize for wakening the four of you up," Dr. Berno said sarcastically, "but I must say, I couldn't help but tell you of some news that may peak your interests." The four of us became engaged by this—our caprices greatly highlighted this.

"As you may know, you have been in this facility for about a week—James, you've been here for exactly a week, Mark, you've been here for 10 days, and Mason, you've been here for 12 days. I greatly respect your efforts in enduring this—thus, we will have no further use for you and all of you, in the coming days, will be executed through a grand event, to which, will consist of the worse debaucheries known to man—man himself will heave from the mere sight of these proceedings," Dr. Berno said liberally. "Hey, wait doc, I thought you said we would be released in a week and now you want to kill us off? What is this new nonsense," questioned Mark whom seemed greatly concerned by the matter—Mason and I, accordingly, emulated this. "Oh, you don't remember the rules, do you," Dr. Berno said criminally, "you are here for our please and nothing else; thus, we can do whatever we please with you—even if that means discarding the three of you." Once finishing his statement, he laughed like a madman and walked away with the fuckers.

John seemed to not care about this—smiling a woeful smirk when analyzing our shocked displays. "What kind of bullshit is this," shouted Mark. John responded, saying, "You still don't understand do you kid? You see, you are here for our pleasure—you always were here for our pleasure and not anything else. You are only mere objects to us; you serve no purpose other than that!" The three of us reciprocated anger, dismay, and powerlessness—we endured enough and, soon found ourselves enjoying it; yet they wouldn't give the faint of heart to release us. All three of us transposed to rebellion and seeking exemption from this prison. John's words were enough to caprice us into this—no regrets were held and we wanted to break free to experience the outside world again.

Fortunately, our day had no activities until dawn—approximately at six-o'-clock at night. Thus, we spent the day drawing up an escape, examining the facility, and gathering as much intel on escapes plans as much as possible. We were perplexed tremendously by how secure the facility was—it was more secure than a prison. Every last room had at least three cameras, bulletproof walls, and no windows—doors were secured by a sophisticated security system and the only exit, which was also set-up by the same sophisticated security, would set off an alarm if anyone without an ID left—Dr. Berno was the only one with the ID so, technically speaking, the staff were just as much of prisoners as us. To make matters worse, the exit was adjacent to Dr. Berno's office and so, it would

be nearly impossible to escape without raiding his office and sprinting out the door as fast as we could.

To top it all off, the outside was occupied with police whom were armed with weaponry that could support them in a war. Our location was remote and it would take days until we would arrive in the outside world—even by drive, it would still take hours and the cars were equipped with the finest security. I guess we should have known better that these scoundrels weren't some amateurs—they had everything planned out and no loopholes were found. This was all we were able to gather for the day before our coming activity.

We were called from the main room by John and we were led to the routine activity room—now consisting of three children, appearing to be our age. The feature that exemplified each child was that each was mentally disabled—one had Down Syndrome, another had Asperger's Syndrome, and the other had Schizophrenia. They each seemed wide-eyed of their current circumstance—each smiled or was laughing nonchalantly, even with the fact that they were chained to the wall. Even with these displays, each lived a cataclysmic expectancy far worse than either the three of us ever underwent.

The Down Syndrome child, named Van, was age 16 and suffered from congenital intellectual, emotional, and social problems all throughout his life. His parents were no help in his suffering—his father regularly abused him and forced the boy to snort up to ten lines of cocaine at once for being a 'useless' person to society. His mother despised both him and his father—him for his vulnerability and his father for his misogynistic tendencies. Consequently, this led his mother to regularly abuse alcohol to cope with the demons distressing her greatly.

When Van attended school, at the age of 10, he was regularly bullied and, one time, was gang stalked home by a group of boys, whom abhorred him greatly for his fragility— they perceived it as something to exploit assiduously. Ergo, they jumped the defenseless boy and beat him up so badly that it took him two hours to walk him by limping. Once he arrived home, he was subjected to screams from his father saying, "What the hell took you so long, fucking retard?" He beat Van even more and, not once, did he stop beating his ass and torso until he fainted. Thereupon, his intoxicated mother pissed and shitted upon his body whilst shouting, "Look at that pathetic little shit; he can't do anything to us." She, along with her husband, laughed profusely to Van's misery.

The child with Asperger's, Conner, was age 17 and, throughout his life, was the victim of daily abuse from both his parents and peers. At no time, in his life, was he respected nor loved by a single person—all perceived him as disconnected, alienated, and an outcast. His parents thought the same of him. His friends consisted of the characters he wrote in his writings. His writing capabilities were impressive and profound, to which, could captivate any man reading them. An apathetic man could easily caprice into a highly emotional person after examining his alluring prose.

Even with this exceptional talent of his, it never got him far in life because his peers and family perceived him in a much different light—rather than appreciate his kindness and generosity, they piously deride what he utters, clobber him any moment they have, and discount any problems he may have—none, of which, concern them in the least bit. His parents, distinctly, loved to flog his ass any moment they had; forced a hot iron onto his hair; waterboarded him in steaming, hot water

approximately 10 times a week; and forcing him to watch them murder and rape puppies in front of him. They reamed, flogged, frigged, pissed and shitted upon, and stomped on the puppy—his father, in the end, discharged on the puppy's corpse and on his face, to which, would be dismayed in horror.

The child with Schizophrenia, Walter, suffered greatly for having to live on the streets due to his parents abandoning him as a baby. During his time on the streets—when he was age 2 months to 10-years-old—he was subjected to incessant reamings, friggings, and floggings by homeless men, whom would abuse the child in any manner they could whether that be by lighting his ass on fire, forcing various objects into his asshole, strangling him, or capping his ass with copious measures of discharge.

It wasn't until he was 10 that he was able to fend himself off against his predators and begin seeking a better life for himself. After much experimentation, he began finding himself to have a profound ability in both art and mathematics—having artistic detail rivaling da Vinci and mathematical intuition rivaling Archimedes. He made an effort to make contributions in both fields and, almost, succeeded but, instead, spent many of his years hospitalized after he began developing Schizophrenia and Psychosis. But even so, he still made an effort to publish his ideas and works—most didn't see much attention since the boy was only a child and he was severely mentally ill—hospitals, sometimes, making an effort to not allow the publication of his works. Thus, he was an unrecognized genius and was periodically abused by the staff at the mental ward.

Once we were situated in the room, John instructed the three of us to stand by the wall adjacent to were the three children were. Like the children, we were chained to the wall, stripped of our trousers, and forced to watch what occurred next. John, once finishing this, began saying, "The activity for today will not have your participation in it so don't worry about getting your hands dirty. All I order the five of you to do is to watch me and the three other children—make sure to not move your eyes away from the four of us," John said firmly; he paused momentarily and resumed saying, "therefore, I will explain what this activity will consist of. For this activity, I will be having fun with the three children and all of you are to watch. If I catch one of you squinting, you will face the same punishment as these useless retards!" We gulped profusely—each of us frozen in our spots frightened of what would occur at that very moment.

Conner appeared more perceptive of the situation and understood greatly of what John said. Accordingly, he tried to resist John's force—this only resulted in John slamming his head into the wall to make him fall unconscious. Walter began screaming like a madman after witnessing this and tried his best to pull off his chains. John, out of sheer anger, choked Walter while shouting at him, saying, "Shut the fuck up, you fucking retard. You useless freak—you deserve no place on this Earth meant for libertines like us." A few moments after saying this, Walter turned blue and fainted to the floor—his eyes displaying a permanent look of fear.

Van was fucked, pissed and shitted upon, and bludgeoned to death, with a wooden bat, by John. During this, John pissed and shitted upon him, spit on him out of resentment, gouged out both of his eyes, and suffocated him with his dismembered eyes until finishing him off by devouring

his throat and smashing his brain to fragments. He discharged once completing this and emulated this with the others—ceasing only once he discharged upon each of our faces.

The three of us were in shock—never once have we've seen something so gut-wrenching before. For some odd reason, it seemed this was the catalyst to our defiance; our other times, we gave in to their requests but, from my assumption, I presume we now see no benefit in following their orders because we now realize that they won't hold up their end of the deal. Another theory may have been seeing them so defenseless and unable to put up resistance—each seemed to appear as if they were having the happiest times of their lives. Maybe, it was just how relatable they were which led us to snap; still, I'm not for sure.

John liberated us from the chains binding us to the wall and instructed the three of us as follows—"Ok boys, please go clean yourselves off and go to sleep. Tomorrow we have to do a lot of preparations for the final ceremony that is scheduled the day after tomorrow so please, get some sleep." We slumped to our rooms feeling like we didn't accomplish what we wanted to today. But before we could enter our rooms, John said one last thing—"Oh and before you go off to bed, I just wanted to tell you that your efforts of defiance won't work on us. You'll end up dead one way or another—even in the outside world—so don't be acting so hopeful." We paused momentarily in horror reflecting on his words—"Is that really true? Does even the world outside of this prison hold the same sickness—specifically, sickness even worse than the sickness present here? But how could that be? How can we be for sure that they are some sort of heroes trying to protect us from the outside world?" Each of us held those questions with protracted qualm—pondering if we should really escape or not.

CHAPTER IX

The three of us woke up precisely at the same time—each of us was filled with a sense of turbulence all throughout our entire being. Once again, we were not fed breakfast; thus, we spent our morning plotting our escape and trying our best to find any loophole present in the facility. We only had until sundown to fully complete our plans or else, we would end up killed. Mason, the most crafty of the group, helped with the planning and, knowing that cameras were watching us, we found ways to hide our intentions.

"John, I need to speak with you," shouted a voice out of the door. The voice, presumably Dr. Berno's, echoed to our ears and we were able to interpret the figure at the door—it was a tall man in a suit. "I'm coming sir," John said in response. Once John gathered his supplies, he left out the door with Dr. Berno. Mason, during this exchange between John and Dr. Berno, was able to make note of something—the other entrances didn't require Dr. Berno's ID but only the ID of a staff member. Mason decided to test his hypothesis by walking up to the receptionist counter and searched for an ID card. Fortunately, there were no receptionists present at the time, so we were able to take advantage of this.

"Hey, I found something," shouted Mason. Mark and I promptly sprinted to Mason's location and found him holding an ID card. "Nice work, man," Mark said joyously. Mason positioned the card at a nearby door and noticed that it worked; therefore, his hypothesis was proven correct. Our hope was restored—now we were to continue to the next step of our plan.

"Hey John, have you been keeping a watch on those boys," Dr. Berno said. John paused awkwardly until Dr. Berno snapped back, saying, "God dammit, you have to watch them more thoroughly. You never know when they may decide to rebel. The freedom they have may cause them to plot an escape attempt." "I understand sir, I apologize," John said apologetically. "Well, to fix your mess, I will procure the priests, pigs, and you to barricade the entrance tonight so they don't escape," said Dr. Berno. John nodded, notably disappointed by his incompetence, but he stood strong and didn't want to disappoint his boss again.

We found a room—that housed the air conditioning systems—which was close by our holding area. Fortunately, we were able to discover a vent on the top of the wall and, through a brief exploration around the vent and with some guessing, we realized the vent would take us outside. The last obstacle was finding a way to prevent police from subduing us once we break-out to the outside. The only way to prevent this hurdle was to press the emergency button, located next to the room of our holding area. When pressed, this will alert the police and, so, our escape will be made easier. However, we still risk being subdued but that is the only way we were able to find that would allow for an escape.

The rest of the day was slow and we spent it sitting patiently for the sun to set. John, Dr. Berno, and the other staff kept a watchful eye on us and prepared the activity room for our grand ceremony for the next day.

Dinner was served to us tonight consisting of shit, piss, and dismembered testicles. Since we hadn't eaten in days, we gorged greatly on the delicacy and, not once, finished until we each had up

to eight servings total. John spent his time reading the newspaper as we were dinning. Our stomachs were filled to where one specimen of food could make us heave the very instant we see its presence. John became aware of this and directed us to our rooms for bed time. I noted how fast today went—almost as if it was a sign of good luck.

Once 20 minutes passed, we got out of our beds—Mark and I—and checked the hallway for any people—we made sure to open the door to where our faces couldn't be made out. The hallway was completely dark—no lights anywhere to be found. "It's clear," Mark said. I nodded back and, with Mark, we crept slowly to Mason's room and knocked on it precisely three times to make him aware it was us. He opened the door and looked as energic as ever. We were ready to commence our escape.

The three of us collectively made our way to the exit of our holding area—Mason used the ID card he found to unlock the door. We crossed our fingers dearly as he did this. To our luck, it was able to work and, so, we slowly but surely made our way to the AC room. As we did this, we made sure to stay in places were cameras would least likely detect us at. It was difficult to navigate with the lack of light but, through feeling textures and memory, we were able to safely arrive at the room.

We climbed up to the vent, which was on the ceiling by the AC systems—that we used to climb up to the ceiling. I allowed both Mark and Mason to climb into the vent first and, once they were completely in, I set off the emergency button. The sound was ear-piercing and I felt like blood was seeping through my eardrums. Following that, I sprinted to the AC room, locked the door, and quickly climbed my way up to Mark and Mason.

Together, the three of us crawled our way to the suspected route where we would find the exit vent at. At this time, we heard voices erupting from the halls—vocalized by police, staff, and shrieking from Dr. Berno's office. It seemed that they were desperately trying to search for us—their howls highlighting this fact.

We continued to persist and climb in the vents and it seemed we may have successfully thwarted them. Our shakes turned from apprehensive to excited—we sped up more in the vents consequently. Our happiness was short-lived—as we had our miniature celebration by sprinting, in a crawling position, to the exit vent, a quiver all around the vents was felt. This led us to freeze in the spot we were at and, suddenly, the vent snapped and the three of us fell to the ground with screams erupting from us.

"Hey, wake the hell up," shouted a voice. My vision was blurry at the time—I was only able to discern two men whom towered greatly over us. They seemed infuriated but also were laughing—clamoring in amusement. Before I could rub my eyes, I was grabbed by my collar by one of the men and, without notice, was spit upon twice. I tried to grasp my surroundings but my attempts were thwarted by being punched, thrown to the ground, and kicked in the stomach. I was able to make out the other boys—both were badly bruised and injured as was I.

CHAPTER X

The three of us were in a trance of retrospection—neither one of us could snap from it. Moments later, I was able to discern the two men as Dr. Berno and John—each looking as exasperated as the other. We each laid on the ground, on Dr. Berno's office, partially conscious—all of us badly bruised and wounded. "Look, boys, if you can hear this I will tell you something before each of you is murdered. What you caused tonight was fucking unacceptable—I am appalled by the actions you did. However, I admire such rebellion, craftiness, and courage that I will spare your lives for the time being by telling you of why you were sent here. Once I finish speaking, each of you will be tortured to death—John, the staff, and I will participate in your demises," Dr. Berno said sincerely.

We waited for what he had to say—we seem captivated enough by his words that we were able to maintain our focus on him, even in our current condition. Dr. Berno cleared his throat, swallowed his throat, and recounted his motives as follows—"Your reasons for being here, as you may recall, are for the purpose of our pleasure. That is correct but there is more to it than that. I, along with John, the pigs, and preists are each good friends acquainted by our sublime tastes in libertinage. Our statuses, wealth, and prominence allow us to pursue what we want without any consequence—law enforcement always looks the other way in regards to us. Every so often, we come together to feast ourselves in debaucheries that each align with our specific preferences. We have maintained this ritual for 30 years and have been quite thorough in maintaining it. However, the annual rituals became quite boring and so, we decided to meet in a remote location to discuss a feast that could outperform our previous ones. With luck, I was able to, spontaneously, conceive the idea of procuring four imprudent teen boys and imprison them in a remote building, disguised as a mental facility. The four teen boys would be subjected to the worse vices known to man and, following our full satisfaction, we would hold a final, grand ceremony and, afterwards, kill the four. Initially skeptical, the others, soon, decided upon the idea and, with their generous donations to fund the feast, we were able to make it a reality.

Once we procured the funds, I sent off my finest men—associated with law enforcement—to scour the towns and streets to find any boy fitting our criteria the most. Fortunately, we found the first three—Mark, Oliver, and Mason—with ease but, for days, we couldn't find a well-suited fourth. We wanted the fourth to differ from the three—particularly, they needed to have been subjected to heinous vices. The first three didn't suit this but, to our luck, James—the fourth—looked promising after investigating his history. Thus, we meticulously crafted out an idea to entrap him as to make him the final and most promising subject. After analyzing the fourth for a couple of days, our conclusions were correct and so, we wanted to, ideally, spare him to allow him to associate with our group. However, due to current circumstances, he has bent the rules; thus, he will not be given that privilege—we are the ones whom determine your fate. That is your story; that is all."

Moments later, the priests and pigs emerged from the corner carrying an assortment of weaponry ranging from guns, knives, and chainsaws to lethal drugs, hydrochloric acid, and starved apes. We couldn't open our mouths due to weakness and, not long after, John's customary snap was

heard. A pig held our heads as a priest grabbed pliers and ripped each of our tongues out—each of us screamed profusely. Following this, the priests smashed out all of our teeth until our gums were capped in blood and holes were noticeable all around them. Maggots were filled in these holes and rats were shoved up each of our throats. The priests slit each of our throats, poured hydrochloric acid into them until yellow liquid, along with flesh, dispelled from the wound. The pigs discharged into these wounds—making sure not to insert their pricks into the wounds so they don't get the hydrochloric acid on their pricks.

Our eyes had maggots, rodents, piss, shit, semen, and entrails of stillborn infants inserted in the sockets. Additionally, approximately 50 needles were forced into our eyes—the needles containing hydrochloric acid in them which caused our eyes to melt like ice. Our ears were filled specifically with roasted cunts of stillborn infants, pissed into by two-year-olds, and heaved into by former, disease-ridden harlots. Our nostrils were filled with maggots, entrails of raped puppies, and parasites the size of cockroaches. Our buttocks were lit on fire, pissed and shitted upon, flogged, and reamed. In addition, substantial amounts of items, ranging from crosses to pages from a Bible, were inserted into our assholes. Directly afterwards, infants—held by one of the pigs—reamed each of our asses as a priest reamed one of the infants. Lastly, the entrails of infants, puppies, birds, and rodents were inserted prolifically into our assholes until nothing but our ass cheeks could be visibly seen.

Their pricks were doused in hydrochloric acid, frigged with fleshlights that had cactus pines inside of them, sucked off by a venomous snake, sucked off by an infant, and dismembered by the pigs, to which, would be used on the priests by the pigs. John and Dr. Berno heroicly fucked the wounds of the boys caused by their pricks being dismembered. All of their pubic hair was ripped off entirely—eaten by the pigs, priests, John, and Dr. Berno. Each of their feet was cut off and reamed into another's ass until their discharge. Following this, the feet would be sucked, pissed and shitted upon, smacked with a wooden cross approximately 90 times, discharged upon 30 times per foot, and the toes were dismembered, sucked upon, and inserted into the holes of all the mens' pricks until discharge.

EPILOGUE

The years after the death of the three, nothing great transpired—the bodies of the three were discarded through means of burning each corpse, pissing on the corpses, shitting upon them, vomiting upon them, and reaming their corpses until each staff member was able to discharge. Dr. Berno kept the corpse of James as a souvenir; using it as his personal sex doll and lover. He slept with his body, reamed him every night before he slept, and licked the inside of James's moldy ass whilst frigging himself until he discharged. Unfortunately, however, his corpse only lasted a week until it began rotting and decomposing; thus, he decided upon discarding it through means of burning.

The other two were left in the hands of John, whom sullied himself greatly with their entrails. Unlike Dr. Berno, he was significantly more aggressive and would fuck the two for the span of an entire day; his libido, not once, waning. In addition, he kept their corpses until only maggots were present on their decomposing bodies. Not once, did he forget to fuck one of their holes they bared; their eyes, ears, mouth, ass, and neck wounds were fucked and discharged into; the density of the discharge outweighing his previous discharges. He decided upon leaving their corpses to rot on the field while occasionally indulging himself with them.

Their indulgence with the corpses had ceased; thus, they went back to their usual jobs until the next year. The following year, the company discussed their next plans in Dr. Berno's office; each of them had a warm, steaming cup of coffee adjacent to them. "What must we do now; the three have now lost their shine," John said solemnly. "Ah, don't worry, my friend, I was aware of what might hold after we finished the debaucheries with the others, so I came in preparation for such an event. Once more, I've sent my finest men to procure us with more boys to indulge ourselves in; this time around, I expect us to procure up to 20 boys, 10 girls, and 7 transgenders whom each have vices more despicable than our formers'. We will indulge ourselves for hours on end with no breaks; each of their genitals will be capped permanently with our discharge, they will be violated in every way possible, and degraded to no end. By the end, their pricks and cunts will be our possessions to fuck ourselves with for an everlasting amount of time. The debaucheries inflicted upon the formers will pale in comparison to the ladders; none of the ladders will bear any form of purity and strength," cried Dr. Berno profusely. "What wonderful words uttered by such a scoundrel as yourself; I am deeply pleased by what holds of the future," clamored John. The two scoundrels then drank their coffee in silence whilst smiling at what the future would hold.

It was a few weeks later when all the subjects arrived precisely at eight-o'-clock. The sky was completely dark—the lights of the facility being the only form of visibility at the time. All 20 boys were lined up symmetrically and orderly; each of them was decorated with a tuxedo, well-combed hair, and pristine teeth. The 10 girls were positioned like the boys; each was decorated with a white, long dress and tied up hair. The 7 transgenders too were positioned in like manner; the female ones being decorated with the same attire as the girl and the male ones being decorated with the same attire as the boys. The 20 boys were between the ages of 8-17 years of ages, the girls between the ages of 5-16, and the transgenders between 13-18. The 20 boys each had their pricks erect to where

a noticeable bulge protruded from their trousers, the 10 girls had their cunts leaking like pipes, and the 7 transgenders had either their bulges protruding from their trousers or their cunts leaking from their dresses. Before entering, John flogged each of them twenty times and discharging upon the ones whom cried in pain. Another staff member was to circumcise the boys and remove the girls' clitorises. The last thing would be to discharge and piss in each of their eye sockets, burn a cross and plant it into their buttocks until each of their buttocks had an imprinting of an upside-down cross on it, and implanting a security device into their bodies that would monitor their current activities, sexual libido, and other things.

One of the little boys, Leo, whom was the age of 10, began crying shouting, "Mommy, mommy, please where are you?" This angered John greatly; thus, he struck the child, pissed on his body, and forced the boy to endure himself mouthfuckingg the boy until he discharged. He was then sent off with the others with sores and blights all around his torso along with spit on his face. "That is only the minimum of what will happen if you dare try to call for help; it is useless," John shouted. The others nodded with fear never witnessed in a child before. The children decided to obey their masters' wishes; knowing full well they have no ability to flee from this torment, seek the nurture they need, and having any sense of free will.

The End.